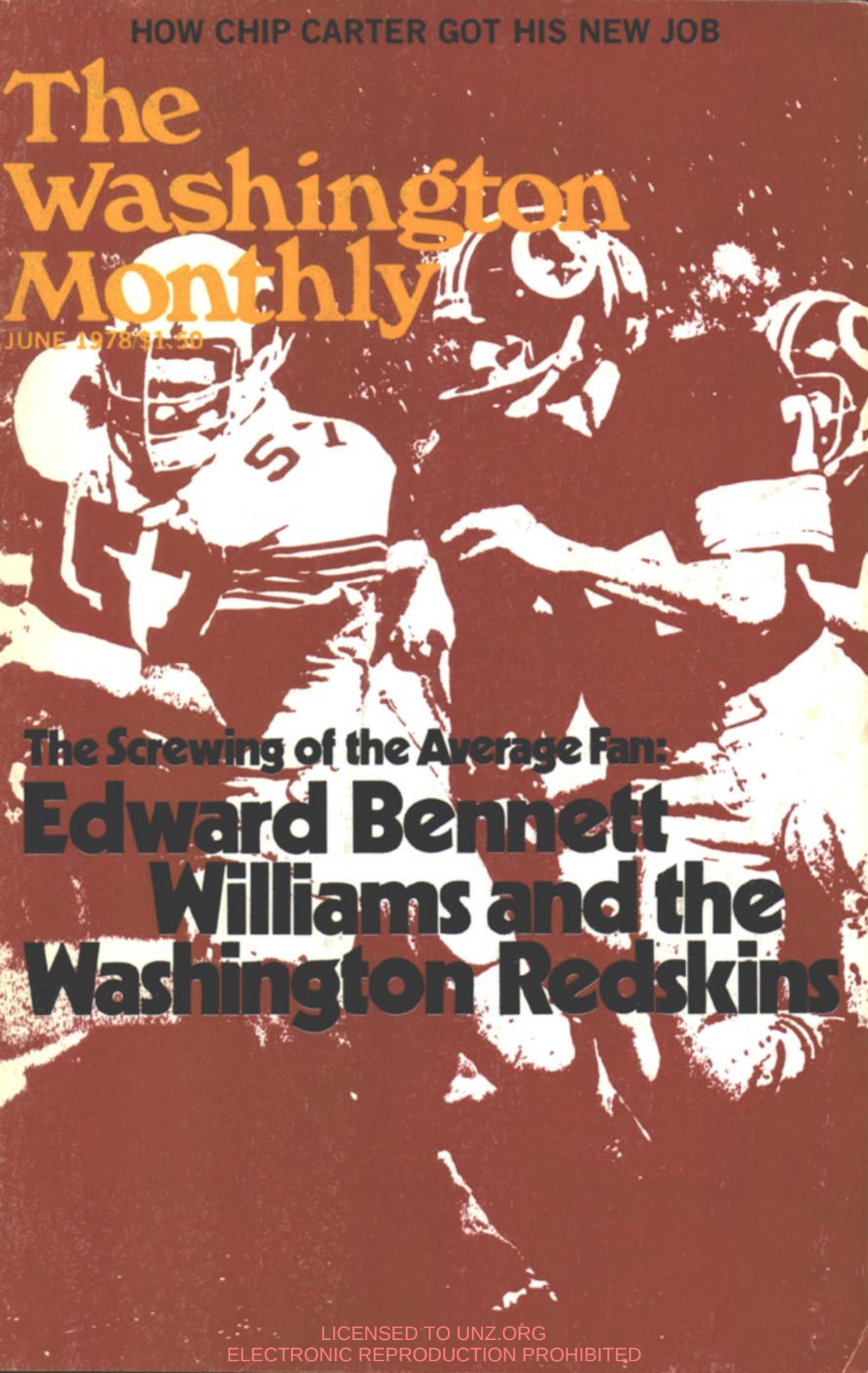
HOW CHIP CARTER GOT HIS NEW JOB

The Washington Monthly

JUNE 1978/$1.50



The Screwing of the Average Fan: Edward Bennett Williams and the Washington Redskins

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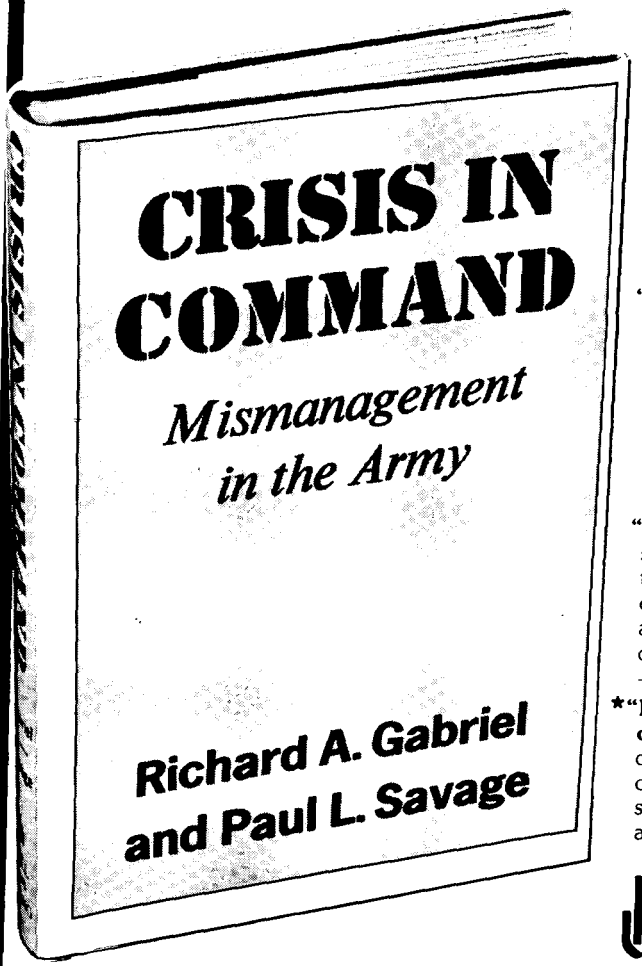

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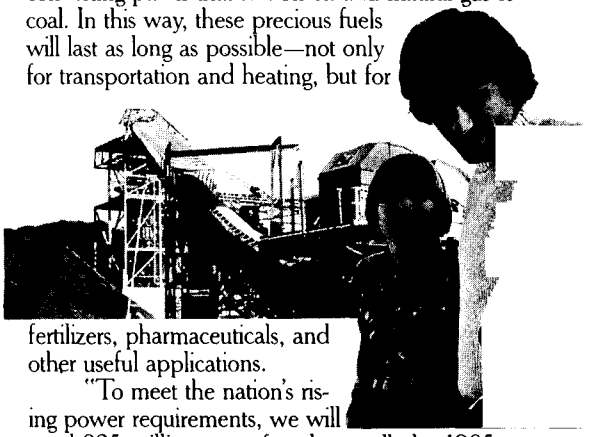

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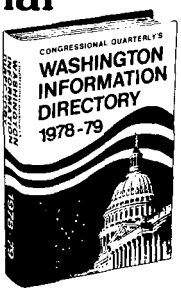

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JUNE 1978

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Letters

It would be injurious to everyone's civil rights to protest the Edison Electric Institute ad on the back cover of your April issue. Instead, I'll suggest to *Washington Monthly* readers that they obtain the other side of the nuclear story (with the missing facts and opposite conclusions) by writing the Union of Concerned Scientists for their brochures, reading the work of Amory Lovins, and/or subscribing to Friends of the Earth's publication *Not Man Apart.*

JANE NOVICK
Eugene, Oregon

In his April column ["Tilting at Windmills"], Charles Peters suggested that, "by lolling on the French Riviera" in the fall of 1968, I "contributed more than any other Democrat to Humphrey's defeat and to the disastrous six years that followed."

If Mr. Peters checks the record, he will find that I spent only two weeks in France in 1968. Coming after a presidential campaign of nine months, with three major opponents, such a vacation could hardly be judged excessive. And coming as it did in September, such a vacation could hardly be judged crucial to the outcome of the November election.

I spent much time in the fall of 1968 campaigning for antiwar candidates for the House and Senate.

My reservations about endorsing Hubert Humphrey were related to the war in Vietnam. Some issues transcend party loyalty, and even personal friendship. Vietnam was one.

EUGENE J. MC CARTHY
Washington, D.C.

Leonard Reed's interesting and illuminating essay on the realities of power in this community ("The Bureaucracy: The Cleverest Lobby of Them All," April) is marred by an inaccurate treatment of civil rights reorganization and the position of NRTA-AARP [National Retired Teachers Association—American Association of Retired Persons] on that reorganization. I write to correct the record.

Contrary to Mr. Reed's assertions, the Labor Department did not lobby me or any of my colleagues to initiate a campaign, grass roots or otherwise, in opposition to transfer of enforcement responsibility for the Age Discrimination in Employment Act from Labor to EEOC. Nor did we ever draft a letter opposing the plan that was killed after EEOC Chair Norton got wind of it and placated us with promises about EEOC plans for enforcement of the Act. The facts are quite different.

OMB solicited our views about reorganization during the summer of 1977. We registered our belief that age should be included in Title VII of the Civil Rights Act and that when EEOC reform had been completed, age responsibility should be placed there; we opposed shifting enforcement authority to EEOC until that agency proves effective in handling its current statutory responsibility. In the fall of last year OMB staff briefed us on the details of what emerged as the Executive Order on reorganization. Apparently OMB staff told others in the Administration that we endorsed that portion of reorganization that concerns older people. When we learned of this misrepresentation, we, along with other organizations representing older Americans, requested meetings with OMB and Ms. Norton. The meeting with Ms. Norton, held at our initiative, was her first contact with the aging community. . . .

LAUREN SELDEN
Washington, DC

Mr. Selden is coordinator of the Age Discrimination Project of the NRTA-AARP.

The author replies:

I have no great quarrel with Lauren Selden. I attributed to a congressional source the sequence of events as recounted and noted the somewhat different emphasis placed on them by Mr. Selden. Mr. Selden says the OMB misrepresented his position on the proposed reorganization. That may be, but my statement of the OMB's understanding was accurate.

We do, however, have one disagreement. According to the notes of my conversation with Mr. Selden, Mrs. Norton *did* make the commitments to him indicated in the article, a fact which he does not *exactly* deny in his letter but seems to. By suggesting that Mr. Selden can not be expected to make public his every transaction with this or that bureaucracy, I certainly did not mean to impugn his honesty and do, by copy of this letter, apologize if he received that impression.

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Job discrimination.

It's wrong. No matter what the reaso

These days, most types of job discrimination never get inside the company gate. Except for compulsory unionism. Forced union membership remains one of the last vestiges of job discrimination. Union officials can still have you fired from your job simply for refusing to join or support their private organization.

It's perfectly legal. But it's morally wrong. The Right to Work is one of the most precious rights we have. Without the right to earn a living—to put daily bread upon your table—all other rights lose their meaning. Yet, in the 30 non-Right to Work states across our country, powerful union officials are depriving workers of this basic, precious right. That's why we're fi[illegible] the country, working to make sure you have the freedom to choose. To decide for yourself whether or not to join a union, without losing your job if you do—or don't.

If you'd like to find out more about the fight against compulsory unionism, write us. We'll send you the facts.

Then you can help make sure that one day soon no one will be turned away at the gate for standing up for our most fundamental freedom: Freedom of choice.

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Tilting at Windmills

Bureaucratic values, as we constantly point out, are taking over the world. The latest example is the defection of the Soviet Union's top employee at the United Nations, Arkady Shevchenko. What was his first concern? How to keep his pension money. . . . How does the eager assistant go about selling a president on a new program? Here's one of the most time-honored strategems, this time employed by Peter Bourne, Carter's assistant on health matters, in a memo to the President. "A major administration effort to reduce blindness world wide would have dramatic appeal, could be uniquely and distinctively identified with you. . . ."

The 200th anniversary of our constitutional convention is now less than ten years away. It may be time for another. This government simply does not work very well. When I criticize Jimmy Carter, I sometimes wonder what more the president of my dreams could have done in his shoes. All too often the answer is not much more. Fundamental reforms are needed in the executive, legislative, and judicial branches of government, and the role of the two unofficial branches, the interest-group lobbies and the press, has grown immensely in recent years. The Founding Fathers would surely be astounded by the bureaucracy, both in terms of its size and its unresponsiveness. In its April 23, 1978, edition, *The New York Times* ran an excellent article exposing the uncoordinated and ineffective nature of the steps taken by federal agencies to deal with the problem of terrorism. The real trouble is that the same can be said for almost every problem our country faces. A constitutional convention might not do much good, but it's worth trying.

Carter's civil service reforms are tiny steps in the right direction. But tiny as they are, Carter and Alan Campbell, the chairman of the Civil Service Commission, deserve high praise for attempting to take them. The civil service lobby that opposes them is self-righteous, self-pitying, and powerful, and no one in Carter's or Campbell's positions has had the courage to take it on before. . . . Carter also deserves high praise for his speech on lawyers, the significance of which was missed by most reporters and the text of which was not printed by any paper we could find.

A recent article in *The Washington Post* expressed outrage at the fact that lots of people were getting into law school with false credentials, passing the courses, graduating, and going into law practice. . . . Gabrielle Ann Scott Elliott was one example. With only a tenth-grade education, she used false credentials to get into the University of South Carolina Law School, from which she graduated with above-

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average grades and then passed the South Carolina bar examination. Instead of being outraged by Ms. Elliott, shouldn't we be outraged by the phony system of credentials that deprives people of ability of the right to use their talent? . . . Some of the best comedy of our day is on the television show "America 2 Night." One has to go back to W. C. Fields' *The Bank Dick* to find the sleazier side of human nature so perfectly captured.

The only problem with the law extending the nation's mandatory retirement age to 70 is tenure. People who are performing well should never be forced to retire. But if people who are not performing well are permitted to cloak their inadequacies with the protection of tenure for five more years, we are going to be in trouble. There is, however, an easy solution: amend the law to provide that those who wish to work after 65 may do so if they forego the protection of tenure and undergo annual performance evaluation . . . James A. Haught, the investigative reporter for *The Charleston Gazette* who wrote the article in our April issue about the growth in the number of public employees in West Virginia has just come up with the all-time winner in the Assessors Who Love the Rich contest: In Braxton County, West Virginia, the mineral rights under a 10-acre parcel of land owned by Eastern Associated Coal Corporation were assessed at $100 and the corporation was charged a tax of $2. It sold one seam of coal under the parcel for $108,465. . . . Because of declining enrollments, it appears that the District of Columbia will have to discharge about 700 teachers in the next two years. Because of the teachers' union, the decisions will be based not on ability but solely on seniority. When William Raspberry of *The Washington Post* asked William Simmons, president of the union, if Simmons were principal of a school that had to lose five of its 25 teachers wouldn't he prefer to keep the good ones, Simmons replied: "On paper, it sounds wonderful. But in practice I have to go with seniority."

As highway deaths have begun to creep back up from their lows in 1974-75 when the 55 mile-per-hour speed limit was being taken seriously, isn't it time for state police departments to start cracking down again on a public that is increasingly reading the 55 sign as 65 or 70? . . . Mary Hoyt, Mrs. Carter's press secretary, is a skilled practitioner in the field of public relations. She recently sold *The Washington Star* on a half-page feature on her boss that was not marred by a negative word and had this box in its center:

Impressive 14-month record

Rosalynn Carter's record for her first 14 months, reduced to figures, reads as follows:
Visited 18 nations and 27 U.S. cities.
Held 259 private meetings and 50 public meetings.
Made 15 major speeches.
Held 22 press conferences.
Given 32 interviews with individual journalists.
Had 77 hours of briefings.
Attended 83 official receptions and social occasions.
Held 26 special interest and group meetings at the White House.
Spent over 300 hours on mental health.
Received 152,000 letters; 7,939 invitations.
Signed 150 photographs a week.
Made 16 public appearances around Washington, D.C.

Seattle's bus and trolley system has negotiated an agreement with its union that permits the use of part-time drivers during rush-hour. This is a step that could save urban transit systems throughout the country. . . . The trolley—or light rail, as it is now called—is another possible salvation for urban transit. It doesn't pollute like the bus and it doesn't bankrupt like the subway. It's working in Seattle, Boston, and Dayton. The reason it's not being pushed is simple. Since it doesn't involve big money like subway or highway construction, there's no big lobby to support it.

Subscription offer on page 17

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The potential power of a seldom-used lobbying device was demonstrated recently in Maryland. The Baltimore Gas & Electric Company and the Potomac Electric Power Company sent 66,000 letters to their Maryland stockholders urging them to protest an anti-utility bill before the state legislature. As a result, according to Sheila Kast of *The Washington Star*, "Stockholders are swamping legislators with telegrams, telephone calls, and letters, urging a 'no vote.'" Delegate Torrey C. Brown is quoted as saying, "I had a stockholder walk into my house on Sunday to tell me her investment would be worthless if we passed the bill. I've never had that happen."... I am bewildered by the indictments of former high officials of the FBI for various sins connected with the pursuit of the Weathermen. The Weathermen, after all, were blowing things up, and I really can't get too upset that the FBI used illegal break-ins to try to prevent further violence. On the other hand, the Department of Justice is not seeking indictments in the many cases of totally unjustified FBI harassment of non-violent members of the New Left under the program designated Cointelpro.... Speaking of the FBI, its new director, William Webster, stepped off on the wrong foot with his appointment of James B. Adams to the number two post in the bureau. According to *Time*'s Sandy Smith, who probably has the best sources in the FBI of any reporter, Adams used to be Hoover's hatchet man and as the FBI's chief of investigations for the last four years has presided over some curious events, including leaks of the indentity of witnesses to the Mafia, the insulation of top Teamster officials from an investigation into corruption in the Teamsters' Union, the signing of his name as a witness to the forging of Clyde Tolson's signature, and the award to himself of six cash bonuses of $500 to $1,000 for outstanding service (field agents call him a "six-star general").... In America the Feather-bedded, failure is success, as we all know. The most recent example, reported by Stephen Aug of *The Washington Star*, is the Consolidated Rail Corporation, which lost $367 million last year but gave salary increases to 56 of its top officers and paid nearly $5 million in bonuses and perquisites.

The time for selling out in Washington used to be when the kids went to college. Now it is much earlier—when you buy your first house. Real estate prices have become so absurd here—the small first house is sure to cost $100,000—that young couples need to start making substantial salaries fast if they want a home of their own.... What union is now the largest affiliate of the AFL-CIO? The American Federation of State, County, and Municipal Employees.

David N. Edlestein, chief judge of the Southern District of New York, announced last month a program to train law students as trial lawyers at leading litigation firms in New York City. One has to ask why couldn't law students learn other areas of the law as apprentices in law firms. They did so for years before the bar associations and law schools got together to push through legislative requirements that make the misery, boredom, and irrelevance of law school the only avenue to practice in all but a handful of states.... Congress has just authorized the creation of 152 new federal judgeships because judges are now supposedly so overworked. You can find out yourself about the need for the judgeships by dropping in on the empty chambers of your nearest federal courthouse any Friday afternoon.... I am the sort of person who seldom finds it difficult to arrive at a firm opinion on any public issue. One case where this definitely is not so is in the matter of public aid to parochial schools. Because of the end of the military draft, the public schools are

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now the only place in America where there is much hope for the kind of mingling of social classes that is so essential for a democracy. But while the public schools continue to bring people together in small towns, they no longer do so in the big cities. The resulting irony is that, in the cities, real mingling of the classes takes place only in parochial schools.

One thing about the Carter proposals on Civil Service reform that is surely good: They have sparked massive press coverage of a subject—the shortcomings of bureaucracy—that had been almost the exclusive province of this magazine and turned it into front-page news.... While the proposed legislation designed to protect whistle-blowers is well-intended, I don't think it will relieve the shortage of whistle-blowers that has plagued the government for years. The real reason for this shortage is that the tenure offered by the civil service has attracted the cautious, those who want security above all, to its ranks. These are not the kind of people who will take risks no matter how much protection they have.

A recent study by the Treasury Department confirmed a suspicion that most of us have long held that a lot of people get unemployment compensation who don't need it. The study found that $51 million in tax savings for deductions for unemployment compensation recipients went to people who had incomes of $50,000 a year or higher.... There are bills before Congress that would establish Offices of Inspector General in large numbers of federal agencies that would have substantial independence to investigate their operations. If these inspectors confine their work to cases of possible illegality, they will be modestly useful. If, however, they investigate each agency's effectiveness in carrying out its mission, and if they are willing to investigate the relevance of the mission itself, they would be a revolutionary force in the bureaucracy. ... Kenneth T. Blaylock is widely reputed to be one of the *better* leaders of the civil service unions. Bear that in mind as you read his reaction, as reported by Mike Causey of *The Washington Post*, to Carter's proposal to cut the October federal pay increase from 6.5 to 5.5 per cent:

"Kenneth T. Blaylock, president of the 800,000 American Federation of Government Employees Union, said the idea of mandatory wage controls for civil servants was 'disgusting' and would not stop inflationary increases in wages and prices in the private sector. Blaylock, a member of the AFL-CIO executive board predicted that many AFGE members holding important service, safety and support jobs in agencies would react later this summer with a 'slowdown.'

"'If pay is not going to be comparable to the private sector,' Blaylock told a news conference, 'maybe production should not be comparable either.'"

Carter's real problem is that he came to the presidency with no agenda, with nothing other than good management to offer. This is a man whose other ambition was to be Chief of Naval Operations. I think he saw both jobs—CNO and president—as goals to be reached or jobs to be performed skillfully when he got them—but not as chances to at last get rid of unnecessary aircraft carriers or to achieve social justice or to put any program of *his* into action. The first tip-off was when he got his energy program from Schlesinger instead of telling Schlesinger what energy program *he* wanted. Since then, his day has been dictated far too much by external events—whether it be a crisis or a memo from a cabinet member.

—*Charles Peters*

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This is Bill Milliken. He used to be an impoverished social activist in Atlanta.

This is Rosalynn Carter. As First Lady of Georgia she helped bail Milliken's program out. As First Lady of the United States she has taken a personal interest in helping Milliken go national with his program to help kids in ghetto schools.

This is Jimmy Carter. He wrote a letter to seven agency heads in the federal government asking them to help fund Milliken's program, and provided the program with a suite of federal offices next door to the White House.

This is Chip Carter. He works for Bill Milliken.

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How Chip Carter Got His New Job

by Howie Kurtz

A few years ago Bill Milliken was just another social activist, trying to raise some money to help ghetto students in Atlanta with their problems. An engaging man with an evangelical sense of mission, he carried his message to anyone who would listen—local businessmen, state oficials, philanthropists—but he had to scrounge for every dollar. His repeated efforts to pry some money loose from the federal government had, as late as November 1976, gotten virtually nowhere.

Then Jimmy Carter was elected President and everything changed for Bill Milliken. Milliken became friends with the President and the First Lady back in Georgia, when they were occupying the governor's mansion. The Carters helped bail out Milliken's Atlanta program, and since the 1976 election they have been at the center of an effort that has gotten Milliken $2.7 million in federal funds. He has launched major ventures in New York, Atlanta, and Indianapolis, and is planning to expand into seven more cities.

Many of the federal agencies who have recently funded Milliken were strongly opposed to helping a program they viewed as vague and unworkable. But according to reliable sources, high White House aides pressured several officials in the agencies into backing the program by insisting that President Carter was demanding their support. The pressure was sustained by a written plea from the President himself.

Milliken recently returned the favor by hiring the President's son, Chip, in a $26,500-a-year job in Washington. When Chip Carter got the job earlier this year, he had just returned to the White House from the family peanut farm in Plains, looking for work and trying to find himself, so the timing was fortuitous.

Howie Kurtz is an investigative reporter for Jack Anderson.

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Milliken is undoubtedly sincere in his zealous desire to help the poor, and Carter seems to genuinely believe in the program's potential. But at the same time, Milliken's sudden success, like most good fortune in the Washington non-profit world, came his way more because of his high-level connections than the merits of his program. As one knowledgeable federal official put it, "This is an operation that is making a living by shaking down the federal government in the President's name. This project would not be getting any federal money if Bill Milliken was not the President's friend." In one sense the story of Bill Milliken is the story of one idealistic program's heart-warming success; in another sense it's an illustration of the tradition that money generally flows in the direction of a President's friends.

Consumed With Fervent Optimism

Bill Milliken began his career in a Christian volunteer program nearly 20 years ago, wearing the same work shirt and blue jeans—and consumed with the same fervent optimism and evangelical spirit—that he does today. He often let drug addicts crash in his $32-a-month apartment in Harlem. He "hustled some bucks," as he put it, from the Urban League and other groups to send Harlem dropouts to school in Newark. By the end of the sixties Milliken was exhausted, and he retreated to Koinonia, an interracial commune in South Georgia that Hamilton Jordan's late uncle, Clarence, founded. He later began working in Atlanta at a "postal academy," one of Postmaster General Winston Blount's pet projects for urban youth.

The funding for postal academies was abruptly canceled in 1972 after Blount left office, and Milliken began a desperate search for money. He says he didn't even know who was governor of Georgia at the time, but a prominent minister he knew arranged for him to meet with Jimmy Carter (incidentally, at least five people have since claimed credit for introducing Milliken to Carter). It took him less than half an hour to convince Carter to give him $5,000 from a contingency fund and a letter of recommendation that helped Milliken raise $100,000 more from such prominent Atlantans as Philip Alston and Anne Cox Chambers, now both ambassadors.

This money was used to launch a program now popularly known as Cities in Schools, though in Atlanta it has been titled both Exodus and Project Propinquity. The official name of Milliken's non-profit firm is the Institutional Development Corporation. The program's aim is to help ghetto students with their social and academic problems by concentrating a variety of social services in the schools they attend. For a group of 40 disadvantaged students, five staff members, in close cooperation with social agencies and businesses in the surrounding community, are supposed to provide remedial tutoring, family counseling, and vocational training. The goal is to create a supportive environment in the one place where ghetto youngsters can be reached before they drop out of society—the school.

"It's not a new idea," Milliken concedes, "but our institutions have become so big that we've lost the human scale. Every agency deals with one fragmented part of a person. We've tried to create a small environment where people can have an eyeball-to-eyeball relationship with these kids." Workers in the program, who share Milliken's enthusiasm and dedication, say the grades and class attendance of students they have worked with in Atlanta have improved substantially. Whether the idea can work on a large enough scale to have a substantial effect on the lives of poor young people—without tremendous expense—is still an open question.

From his early successes in Georgia, Milliken tried—with mixed results—to expand. He struck up a friendship with Richard Lugar, then the mayor of Indianapolis, now the junior senator from Indiana, who became a convert

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and helped launch the program in Indianapolis. During the last year of the Ford administration, Milliken repeatedly flew to Washington to try to get some federal funding. He happened to meet Richard Cheney, Ford's chief of staff, at a banquet in Baltimore, and before the dinner was over he managed to win Cheney's friendship and support. But Cheney could not convince the bureaucrats in the agencies and departments to back the program financially.

As those who want money from the federal government often do, Milliken hired a well-connected Washington consulting firm, Koch and Associates, to shake loose some funds for him. One member of the firm, Tom Phelan, used to work in the Labor Department—and Labor, in December 1976, gave Milliken $200,000 for ten job counselors in Atlanta and ten more for a new program in New York City.

As it turned out, Cities in Schools didn't hire all ten of those job counselors in New York. Instead, it used Labor's money for general operating expenses. "There has been no job development as described in the contract," an internal Labor audit said. "For several months, only six to eight of the ten DOL-funded positions have been filled," while two others "are not performing any of the duties . . . for job counselors." The main duties of two other job counselors, the audit said, were "disciplining children in the classes, keeping reports and records on each child . . . and working with welfare recipients." Furthermore, there was no contact with outside social agencies, as Cities in Schools had promised. One official who claimed he had developed relationships with several local businesses "was asked for the names of those companies several times but failed to answer the questions."

Although the auditors told the Labor Department to demand its money back, Labor officials decided to overlook the violations. The New York officials of the program, Milliken now admits, "didn't understand the guidelines properly. Labor spanked their hands on that. It got us off to a bad start at Labor." By a year later, however, Labor had reluctantly given the program another $1 million.

Meanwhile, Milliken had been keeping in touch with his friends the Carters, and as a result his fortunes soon took a sharp upturn. Milliken was with Carter the night he announced for the presidency; he helped out in little ways during the campaign; and a month before the election he had a long talk with Rosalynn Carter at the Atlanta airport. By Christmas Milliken was making the pilgrimage to Plains to sell the president-elect on the notion that his program needed substantial federal funding.

Mrs. Carter took up the cudgel for Milliken, arranging private audiences for him with the secretaries of Commerce, Labor, Housing and Urban Development, and Health, Education, and Welfare.

After the inauguration Mrs. Carter took up the cudgel for Milliken, arranging private audiences for him with the secretaries of Commerce, Labor, Housing and Urban Development, and Health, Education, and Welfare. He sent her memos on his progress nearly every week. He had lunch and dinner at the White House. The President told him the program was meeting resistance and asked Milliken to draw up a detailed plan explaining how it would expand nationally.

Not long afterward, the First Lady and Bert Lance, then still in office, were kind enough to host a breakfast where Milliken solicited the support of 230 prominent businessmen. Koch and

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Associates devised a "strategy" to sell Cities in Schools to seven federal agencies, but it soon bowed out because, its president, June Koch, says, "they had sufficient interest at the presidential level and no longer needed our help."

This proved to be an understatement. The President himself began a stepped-up effort to help Milliken by sending a letter to every department head. "On March 30, 1977, I approved the proposal . . . as an experimental effort aimed at developing an integrated system of human service delivery," Carter wrote. "I understand that discussions with you and other members of your staff already have taken place with regard to your agency's participation. . . . I appreciate your assistance with the proposal." Then Carter added three people to the White House staff to shepherd Cities in Schools through the bureaucracy. They are Wib Walling, who worked in the Atlanta postal academy and has known Milliken for 19 years; his assistant, Jane Hansen, who worked in other Atlanta youth programs and also knew Milliken; and Jim Parham (since moved to HEW), who met Milliken when he was Carter's commissioner of human resources in Georgia.

Milliken and the three new White House staff members were given their own office on the fourth floor of the Executive Office Building. A White House receptionist answers the phone, "Cities in Schools." Milliken began trying to raise private and local government money. Parham became chairman of a special inter-agency committee whose job was to oversee the program (which meant all seven agencies had to assign at least one staff member to attend meetings and work out the financing). And Walling became the point man assigned to prying the money loose from the departments.

Walling achieved considerable success in steering federal money Milliken's way by working through a close-knit network of Georgians in the departments and agencies. At the Community Services Administration, Bill Allison, the deputy director, had been a big booster of the program since his days as a community worker in Atlanta. "It was quite natural for Milliken to come to me," says Allison. "It was also obvious there was an interest on the part of the President." At HUD, another old acquaintance from Atlanta, Dick Fleming, took Milliken to see Geno Baroni, an assistant secretary who also knew Milliken and his work. Baroni arranged for a division of HUD to contribute $100,000 to evaluate the program. He says he sees "at least three or four such groups a day, but they don't all have such good connections." Over at ACTION, officials were initially reluctant to contribute because Cities in Schools didn't fit their volunteer orientation, but later decided to provide it with 16 VISTA volunteers. "I've known Bill Milliken for years," ACTION's deputy director, Mary King, explains. "My husband introduced him to Governor Carter."

Bert Lance, meanwhile, helped out by assigning one of his staff members, Kristine Marcy, to give Cities in Schools some fund-raising guidance. "It was really screwed up," Marcy says now. "They really needed a lot of help." She spent several days giving the Cities in Schools people advice but then told her boss that "this is not an appropriate role for the Office of Management and Budget. This is something the White House should be doing." The task was later given to one of Lance's special assistants.

The Labor Department, having had problems in its previous contract with Milliken, was at first recalcitrant. Attorney General Griffin Bell assigned a special assistant to help the program, but the Justice Department's Law Enforcement Assistance Administration was resistant about providing it with funds. The LEAA, which had once almost cut off funding for Cities in Schools in Atlanta because it felt it did little to reduce juvenile crime, wanted more specific objectives from the program.

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Buzz Words and Gobbledygook

"It was all so nebulous," says one official from a government agency that Walling approached. "There were a lot of buzz words and gobbledygook about integration of support services. It was very vague and unstructured."

This official finally told Walling, "The bottom line is we probably won't be able to support you."

He remembers Walling replying, "You probably are going to have to support us, because the President is very interested in this and Mrs. Carter is very interested in this."

Indeed they were, and blunt phone calls to recalcitrant agencies soon came in from Jim Parham and Jack Watson, the secretary to the Cabinet. Another official remembers it this way: "The message came down from the White House that you've got to give them some money, period. There was tremendous resistance among the agencies. This is no better than thousands of other programs, and they haven't done it more efficiently, either. But Jack Watson called and said we had no choice."

A third official concurs: "Heavy-handed tactics were used. They said, 'The President wants you to do this. Bert Lance wants you to do this.' Walling even admitted at one point that this integration of services idea is a bunch of junk. He admitted that he already had staff people in place and wanted the money to pay their salaries."

When the smoke cleared, seven agencies had kicked in a total of $2.7 million to Cities in Schools.

The people who raised the money deny that they used undue pressure in doing so. "I tried not to emphasize the White House support," says Walling, "but everybody knew about it. Lower-level bureaucrats were being resistant. I did not try to throw around the President's name, but people were aware of it."

"The place where pressure was applied—I'm not saying pressure was applied—was at the Department of Labor," Walling went on. "I would just say it is a fact that the President wanted to try this experiment. I can't remember—I may have said the President wants better coordination of these services. Some people would just assume that's pressure. I certainly wanted them to participate. That was my job: to get them to participate.

One official remembers Walling saying, 'You probably are going to have to support us, because the President is very interested in this and Mrs. Carter is very interested in this.'

"The Labor Department was primarily resistant. They didn't think they should participate unless it had a direct manpower connection. Our program is weak in terms of jobs. But that's the problem—everyone wanted to fund only the part they were concerned with."

Jack Watson would not return phone calls on the matter, but Jim Parham also maintains that "no undue pressure was put on anyone. I said it was a program that the President and the First Lady knew about and thought was a good idea. It takes a little leverage from someone up above to make it work. Anytime someone in the White House talks to them, they're bound to pay some additional attention. But it's not in my or the President's nature to push people where they don't want to go."

Milliken says he had nothing to do with any pressuring of the agencies. "Maybe someone did twist a few arms," he says. "I don't blame people for getting their noses out of joint. If that happened, it's wrong."

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Jody Powell, the White House press secretary, says he sees nothing wrong with Carter's efforts to push Cities in Schools. "If the President sees a program that looks good to him, he tries to get support for it," Powell says. "Once you get that involved in something, it's difficult to take a totally hands-off attitude. Obviously he is not going to see every possible program. But I don't see anything wrong with it, unless he has some motive other than thinking the program is a good idea." He added with a chuckle: "You know, he could have ordered these people to do things, instead of just suggesting it."

Carter has asked the Office of Education to provide all the federal money—$1.5 million—for Cities in Schools next year—an idea Milliken doesn't like. "It's not my program, it's everybody's program," he says. "Maybe that's idealistic, but if every part of government and the private sector doesn't make it work, then it will fail."*

It's as part of the effort to line up that broad involvement that Milliken has enlisted Chip Carter, who, says Milliken, "will help me raise money in the private sector." The President's son didn't want to work in Atlanta, so Milliken agreed to let him stay in Washington full-time. In addition to soliciting money from corporations, Chip will be visiting Cities in Schools projects in other cities with the idea of eventually helping to set up one in Washington.

Because the President's son is no doubt a hard man for corporate executives to say no to, Chip Carter ought to be able to help Cities in Schools reach its goal of one-third private funding. So far the program has received $885,000 from private donors—among them, General Motors, Atlantic Richfield, the Lilly Foundation, and the Hartford Corporation—and Milliken has persuaded several businessmen to serve on his board of directors, whose members also include Anne Cox Chambers and Ruth Carter Stapleton.

Milliken bristles at the suggestion that he hired Chip Carter for his White House influence or as a return favor to his father. "Chip and I really hit it off," he says. "He visited a project in the Bronx with me and got turned on by it. There aren't many jobs he feels he can take. He's made a commitment to us until he puts on his political hat again in the next campaign."

Preliminary Indications

How good an idea is Cities in Schools? And how well can it work on a national scale? The complete answers to those questions will be some time in coming, but there are some preliminary indications from the program in New York.

Two of the New York schools where the program is being tried are Julia Richmond High School, which is on the East Side of Manhattan but draws its students from East Harlem, and Public School 114, an elementary school in the Bronx.

At Julia Richmond, which is in the program because Milliken is friendly with some of its officials, Cities in Schools has randomly selected 120 ninth-graders for counseling help, leaving the rest of the school's 5,000 mostly black and Puerto Rican students untouched. Each class of 40 students has four Cities in Schools staff members: a "supportive educator," who provides tutoring; a social worker, who makes house calls and helps with family problems; a "youth worker," who chases after students playing hooky and takes the kids to basketball games and movies; and a "programmatic person," who takes the students to cultural activities in order "to broaden their conceptual base."

Does the program work with any social agencies in the city? "Not directly," says Bruce Spraggins, a

*The consulting firms, predictably, are lining up to study whether the program succeeds or fails. HEW recently awarded a $373,000 contract to a private firm called the American Institute of Research to develop a blueprint for an evaluation of Cities in Schools. If the blueprint is approved, the firm will get an even bigger contract to actually evaluate the program.

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program worker at Julia Richmond. "We're in the embryonic stage at this point. It's going to be a slow process. We're beginning to move in that direction." Does the program cooperate with local businesses? "We have no relationship with business. That's still on the drawing board."

Does the program help find jobs for students? "We don't place them in actual jobs, no," says Judd Gordon, another program official at Julia Richmond. "We don't have any job counselors. When a kid has a fourth-grade reading level, his employability prospects are not that good." Gordon says that the students do get some career guidance, but that its main thrust is just giving personal attention to youngsters who have had a lifetime of failure. In other words, the counselors at Julia Richmond are dedicated to helping, but they aren't providing the "integrated services" that have been Cities in Schools' main selling point in Washington.

At the elementary school in the Bronx, an assistant principal describes Cities in Schools' role this way: "They're doing some guidance and tutoring; they work with parents in the community; they help us during lunch period; and they've started a student council and a clean-up squad to sweep the streets." The staff also helps out on hall patrol and is starting a cheerleading team. Ron Thomas, who heads the Cities in Schools effort there, adds that his group works with police, sanitation, and park officials in the community. "What these kids need most is male role models," he says.

But cheerleading and clean-up squads are not what federal officials had in mind when they agreed to fund the program. They wanted to rescue older students who are on the verge of becoming mired in drug and crime problems and dropping out of society. Nevertheless, Milliken is busy laying plans to expand into Washington, Los Angeles, Houston, Pittsburgh, Minneapolis, Hartford, and Fayetteville, North Carolina. He insists he doesn't want any more federal funding after three years, but even if he holds to that, it's a safe bet that the local schools, private groups, and government bureaucrats who benefit from the program will be back in Washington to plead for continued support.

Milliken bristles at the suggestion that he hired Chip Carter for his White House influence or as a return favor to his father. 'Chip and I really hit it off,' he says. 'He visited a project in the Bronx with me and got turned on by it. . . .'

There's no question that inner-city public schools are in desperate, depressing shape; that we need many more people willing to commit themselves to solving the problem the way Milliken has; and that it's heartening to see the Carters' obvious concern about the plight of these schools. But it doesn't take an experimental program to discover that pouring money into run-down schools will yield better results. Cities in Schools is an approach that can't be copied on a nationwide scale unless the President is prepared to push for a huge aid program for ghetto schools. Carter should not think he's making much progress on this terribly complex problem by pushing one small program through the bureaucracy.

The success of Cities in Schools is so obviously a product of its presidential patronage, rather than of its merits, as to cast doubts on whether the taxpayers should be spending their money on it. Jimmy Carter was elected because he seemed to realize what was wrong with running Washington on a who-knows-who basis. It's too bad that he's now succumbed to that temptation himself. ■

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Memo of the Month

The J. Edgar Hoover Memorial Series

OPTIONAL FORM NO. 10
MAY 1962 EDITION
GSA FPMR (41 CFR) 101-11.6

UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

Memorandum

TO : Director, FBI (105-174254) DATE: 10/13/70
Attention: Counterintelligence and Special Operations (Research Section)

FROM : SAC, Detroit (100-35108) (P)

SUBJECT: COUNTERINTELLIGENCE PROGRAM
IS - DISRUPTION OF NEW LEFT

Detroit is proposing the disruption of the physical plant of the Radical Education Project (REP), 3908 Michigan Avenue, Detroit, Michigan. REP is a full time publishing outfit of the New Left through whose auspices numerous virulent revolutionary treatises reach the Left.

In addition, the Black Panther Party (BPP) in Detroit receives BPP publications from San Francisco. Detroit has easy access to these papers after they arrive in Detroit.

The Bureau is requested to prepare and furnish to Detroit in liquid form a solution capable of duplicating a scent of the most foul smelling feces available. In this case, it might be appropriate to duplicate the feces of the specie sus scrofa.

A quart supply, along with a dispenser capable of squirting a narrow stream for a distance of approximately three feet would satisfy the needs of this proposed technique.

2 - Bureau (RM)
2 - Detroit
(1 - 157-3214)
CRO/cc
(4)

REC-15

OCT 15 1970

INT. SEC.

Buy U.S. Savings Bonds Regularly on the Payroll Savings Plan

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Who's Who in the Carter Administration

There was a behind the scenes struggle between **Fran Voorde** and **Phil Wise** for the White House appointments secretary job opened up by the promotion of **Tim Kraft. Wise** won, **Voorde** will be his deputy.... **Warren Demian Manshel,** the enlightened businessman who bankrolls *Public Interest* and *Foreign Policy* magazines, is said to have been angling for an ambassadorship ever since Jimmy Carter took office and is said to be about to get one—though not as important as he had hoped.... The RNC has issued a press release listing eight government couples with combined incomes of over $100,000. An interesting omission, pointed out by the *National Journal,* is the names of **Sen. Robert Dole,** its former chairman, and his wife **Elizabeth Hanford Dole** of the Federal Trade Commission, who are the second highest paid couple with a total take of $107,500.... Over at the National Endowment for the Arts, chairman **Livingston Biddle** is frightening the bureaucrats with his plan to limit the tenure of his program directors to five years.

WHITE HOUSE

Assistant to the President—Richard Hatcher is mayor of Gary, Indiana. He will be working with Carter on urban policy and minorities.

Assistant to the President—Anne Wexler was deputy under secretary of Commerce. The former Connecticut political activist has worked in the campaigns of Eugene McCarthy, George McGovern, and Jimmy Carter.

Special Assistant to the President—Tim Kraft has moved up from appointments secretary to take over some of Hamilton Jordan's daily responsibilities.

Special Assistant to the President—Henry Owen will be concerned with international economic policy and summits. He was director of foreign policy at the Brookings Institution. He had been mentioned earlier for a post at the Department of Defense and was cleared by the White House but vetoed by Harold Brown.

Executive Director, General Advisory Committee on Arms Control—William E. Jackson serves as special assistant to Paul Warnke. He has been legislative assistant to Alan Cranston and a professor of political science.

AGRICULTURE

Director, Office of Energy—Welton V. Barton was assistant to Secretary Bergland. He's a former staff member of both the House Agriculture Committee and the National Farmers Union.

COMMERCE

Associate Administrator, National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration—George S. Benton was assistant administrator of that agency. Benton is a former vice president of Johns Hopkins University.

DEFENSE

Chairman, Joint Chiefs of Staff—General David C. Jones replaces General George S. Brown.

Vice Chief of Staff, Air Force—General Lew Allen, Jr. succeeds General Jones.

Chief, Naval Operations—Admiral Thomas B. Hayward graduated from the Naval Academy a year after Carter. He replaces Admiral James L. Holloway III.

ENERGY

Assistant Secretary for Environment—Ruth C. Clusen was president of the U.S. League of Women Voters. Last month we incorrectly noted that she had been appointed to the Council on Environmental Quality.

Deputy Under Secretary for Commercialization—Jackson S. Gourand has been associated with the Sperry Rand Corpora-

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tion, Pfizer Inc., Joseph E. Seagram & Sons, Inc., and the Liggett Group, Inc.

Inspector General—John K. Mansfield was special assistant to the assistant secretary of State for oceans and international environmental and scientific affairs.

Director, Office of Competition—William G. Lane, Jr. is a former staff member of the Senate Foreign Relations Subcommittee on Multinational Corporations.

Director, Office of Hearings and Appeals—Melvin Goldstein was director of the Economic Regulatory Administration's Office of Exceptions and Appeals.

Director, Office of Special Investigations, Economic Regulatory Administration—Jerome Weiner was assistant U.S. Attorney for the District of Columbia.

HEALTH, EDUCATION & WELFARE

Director, Bureau of Food, Food and Drug Administration—Dr. Sanford Miller was professor of nutrition biochemistry at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Director, Office of International Health—John H. Bryant was director of the School of Public Health at Columbia University.

JUSTICE

Assistant Attorney General of the Antitrust Division—Phillip B. Heymann is a former Watergate Special Prosecutor and Harvard law professor.

STATE

Ambassador to South Africa—William B. Edmonson was deputy assistant Secretary of State for Africa. He replaces William Bowdler who is to become director of intelligence and research for the department.

Ambassador to the Dominican Republic—Robert L. Yost was deputy inspector general of the State Department.

Commissioner, International Joint Commission, United States and Canada—Kenneth M. Curtis stepped down in January as chairman of the Democratic National Committee. He's a former governor of Maine.

TRANSPORTATION

Federal Highway Administrator—Karl S. Bowers was deputy highway administrator. He is a former state highway commissioner of South Carolina.

TREASURY

Acting Assistant Commissioner for Employee Planned and Exempt Organizations, Internal Revenue Service—S.A. Winbourne was deputy assistant commissioner.

AGENCIES AND COMMISSIONS

Agency for International Development

Assistant Administrator—David Bronheim was a consultant to the Futures Group, a Dreyfus Corporation subsidiary. He replaces Frederick Van Dyk who has resigned.

Environmental Protection Agency

Deputy Assistant Administrator—Michael P. Walch replaces Eric Stork. Welch is a newcomer to the agency.

Director, Office of Civil Rights—David C. Thompson was a member of the staff of the assistant secretary of the Army for manpower and reserve affairs.

Federal Communications Commission

Chief, Safety and Special Radio Service Bureau—Carlos V. Roberts has been chief of the agency's Office of Plans and Policy since July 1977.

Chief, Office of Plans and Policy—Nina W. Cornell has been senior staff economist for the Council of Economic Advisors since February 1977.

Federal Energy Regulatory Commission

Director, Office of Opinions and Review—Bernard Wexler was head of the same office at the Securities and Exchange Commission.

Solicitor—Howard Shapiro was assistant to the Justice Department's Solicitor General.

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Federal Home Loan Bank Board

Member—Anita Miller was senior program officer in the division of the Ford Foundation that funds housing, urban development, and neighborhood conservation programs. She is on the advisory committee to the New York City Department of Housing Preservation Development.

Federal Trade Commission

Director, Bureau of Economics—William S. Comaner was professor of economics at the University of California at Santa Barbara. He worked for the Justice Department's Antitrust Division in the mid-sixties.

Director, Office of Public Information—Francis Pollock was professor of journalism at Columbia University and editor/publisher of *Media & Consumer*. He was also on the staff of the Consumers Union of the U.S., Inc. from 1968-72.

Assistant Director for Energy & Product Information, Bureau of Consumer Protection—Linda Colvard Dorian was general counsel to the National Committee on the Observance of International Women's Year. She was a legislative assistant to former Representative Bella Abzug.

Import-Export Bank

Vice President for Policy Analysis—David B. H. Denoon has been professor of politics and economics at New York University.

Interstate Commerce Commission

Director of Personnel—Richard H. Mooers was chief of the employee branch of the ICC.

Administrative Law Judges—Alan W. Heifitz and Edward A. Neumaier were respectively advisor to commission members and attorney in the Section of Operating Rights.

National Endowment for the Humanities

Deputy Chairman for Management—John Whitelaw was executive officer of the National Air & Space Museum. He is a former Muskie aide.

Nuclear Regulatory Commission

Member—John Ahearne was deputy assistant secretary for power applications in the Department of Energy.

RESIGNATIONS, DEATHS, AND WITHDRAWN NOMINATIONS

FCC

Chief, Complaints & Compliance Division of the Federal Communications Commission—William B. Ray has resigned after 16 years in the division.

HEW

Director, Bureau of Health Planning and Resources Development—Harry Cain has resigned after two years with the Bureau and 16 years in government.

Justice

Deputy Assistant Attorney General of the Antitrust Division—Joe Sims will be stepping down in September after having served for eight years.

State

Assistant Secretary of State—Terence A. Todman has asked to be replaced and is expected to be named Ambassador to Spain. He has served as Ambassador to Chad, Guinea, and Costa Rica.

Assistant Secretary for Oceans and International Environmental and Scientific Affairs—Patsy Mink has resigned.

Transportation

Federal Highway Administration—William M. Cox will return to Kentucky to seek the Democratic nomination for lieutenant governor. He was appointed in April 1976 when he was senior vice president of a trucking firm in Madison, Kentucky.

Tennessee Valley Authority

Director—William L. Jenkins has resigned, clearing the way for Carter to fill all three directorships with his own appointees.

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Survival Networks: Staying in Washington

by Nicholas Lemann

In 1962 Coates Redmon was in Colorado Springs, Colorado, and not a bit happy about it. Her husband Hayes was teaching Russian history at the Air Force Academy, which was a good step in his career; but she hated the military in general and the Academy particularly. There were many other things she would rather have been doing, but one that especially caught her eye was the Peace Corps, which had been set up the year before. "That was the greatest thing I ever heard of," she says now. "I wanted to come and be a part of it. But I thought, that's impossible, and I forgot about it."

One day, by chance, her husband happened to be given the assignment of showing a visiting colonel from the Pentagon around the Academy. Hayes Redmon so impressed the colonel that he was invited, on the spot, to come back to Washington and join his staff. Hayes called his wife right away and asked her if she'd like to move there. "I'm packing," Coates Redmon said.

They arrived in the fall of '62, not knowing a soul. One day in the first month they were in Washington the Redmons went to Hechinger's, an upper-middle-class lumberyard, to buy some planks for a bookcase. It was one of those moments in life of unexpected opportunity. Across the store Coates happened to see Dick Nelson, a young man who had been editor of the Princeton humor magazine, the *Tiger*. She had met him years earlier, in New York, when they had collaborated on a couple of projects while she was working at *Glamour* magazine.

Nelson and the Redmons got to talking. He said he was now working at the Peace Corps as assistant to Bill Moyers, the already celebratedly bright and charming protege of Lyndon Johnson's who was then the Peace Corps' deputy director. Coates' heart leapt when she heard Peace Corps. "Oh," she said, "you're working for the wonder boy of Washington. Is he really that great?"

Nicholas Lemann is managing editor of The Washington Monthly.

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Nelson said yes, Moyers was that great, and that in fact Moyers and his wife were giving him a going-away party because he had been inducted and why didn't the Redmons come. They went—the next week, to a small dinner at the Moyers', where Coates emphatically let it be known that she was interested in working at the Peace Corps.

The Redmons couldn't have known it then, but bumping into Dick Nelson that day at Hechinger's would change both their lives. It was the watershed after which everything began to flow in a different direction. They had become Washington survivors.

The Crest of the Wave

Washington is a city to which many people come and few people leave. They come because of a specific job; because they want an outlet for their idealism; because they are interested in being involved in government and politics; because Washington offers more opportunity for quick advancement than do most American cities; and because they want to be at the center of things, to ride the crest of the wave. Usually it's some sort of break that brings them here—a chance meeting, a good score on the civil service test, a successful political campaign, friends, family, money.

Most people who live in Washington don't want to leave. It's a pleasant, pretty city, and after a few years their friends are here, their children firmly ensconced in school, their houses half paid for. Even those who don't mind leaving the city itself are loath to leave Washington in the figurative sense—that is, the world of public affairs, be it here or at the Council on Foreign Relations or the Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy or the RAND Corporation or *The Atlantic Monthly*. And indeed, although jobs end, elections are lost, and agency budgets are sometimes cut, almost nobody ever has to leave Washington and go back home. Of the few who do go back, a high proportion are doing so only to "build a base" that will enable them to win a seat in the House or Senate and return to Washington in a more exalted position than they occupied formerly.

The reason why nobody has to leave is that almost everybody soon learns how to survive in the complex and perilous world of Washington. It's done by making contacts, by building a reputation, by establishing a network in which the unstated ethic is one of mutual protection. In other words, you turn your own part of Washington into a small town, with all the stability and resistance to change and to outsiders that that implies. Survival networks, of course, exist everywhere, and everywhere they help shape the communities they're in. But in Washington, besides all that, they also are an important factor in the governing of the nation.

Civil servants have tenure and survival is easiest for them, but still they have budget cuts to fear, so the high-ranking among them make sure to provide the President with programs and congressmen with constituent services. Those elected officials are grateful for that, because it helps them survive at election time; and they in turn help the bureaucrats and private lobbyists survive by listening to their entreaties. Even if the elected don't

Answers to last month's puzzle.

S	T	A	T	E	O	F	T	H	E	U	N	I	O	N
A	■	L	■	M	■	O	■	O	■	R	■	N	■	E
T	O	O	C	A	S	U	A	L	■	I	N	T	R	A
R	■	N	■	N	■	N	■	D	■	A	■	E	■	R
A	R	E	N	A	■	D	I	S	C	H	A	R	G	E
P	■	■	■	T	■	E	■	U	■	■	■	M	■	S
S	A	S	S	I	E	R	■	P	R	E	S	E	N	T
■	■	T	■	N	■	■	■	■	■	N	■	S	■	■
S	P	A	N	G	L	E	■	C	A	T	C	H	E	S
A	■	I	■	■	■	L	■	A	■	R	■	■	■	T
N	A	R	C	O	T	I	C	S	■	Y	A	L	T	A
D	■	C	■	W	■	T	■	T	■	R	■	O	■	U
S	P	A	I	N	■	I	S	O	L	A	T	I	O	N
O	■	S	■	E	■	S	■	F	■	M	■	R	■	C
F	R	E	E	D	O	M	O	F	S	P	E	E	C	H

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survive at the polls, of course, they can and almost always do stay in Washington, usually as lobbyists—in fact, it's partly by building up a survival network among both fellow elected officials and lobbyists that they can assure their futures in Washington.

Most adept of all at the art of survival are the political appointees at the top of government. These are people who build careers out of switching jobs every two or three years, and who in that fluid and uncertain situation have found a way to get de facto tenure. They have done so by building strong networks among the elected officials, the bureaucrats, the lobbyists, the co-workers, and the various constituent groups with which they deal in the course of their jobs. These networks will be the most important element in all the future jobs they get. An assistant secretary in the education branch of the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare, for instance, might go from there to a higher post in the department; to an education-policy job in the White House; to a partnership in a law firm; to the head of a foundation having to do with education; to the head of a university; or to a high position at an interest group like the American Council on Education. Since the average tenure of assistant secretaries is now less than two years, it's not too much to say that a prudent one must go about building all these bridges almost from the moment he takes office.

The result is that although Washington is supposed to be a city where power is carefully balanced between groups with contradictory interests, in fact it's a place with a strong sense of shared enterprise, a place where every person you deal with is someone who is either helping you survive now or might conceivably later on. The most remarked-upon case in point is the reporter who accords his sources kid-glove treatment so that they will remain his sources. If they stopped talking to him, he'd be out of a job. What isn't so well known is that that ethic exists for politicians and bureaucrats and political appointees too.

Thus when Rep. John Anderson, the prominent liberal Republican from Illinois, faced a tough primary campaign this year, Rep. Jack Kemp, the prominent conservative Republican from New York, went out to campaign for him—their survival bond was far stronger than their ideological differences. Thus White House staff members, GS-16s, and corporate lobbyists alike are reluctant to do anything that will mark them as apart from the shared enterprise, because that might mean their non-survival.

Of course, along with the survival instinct comes a genuine empathy with other people in Washington that reinforces the bonds and makes severe criticism a rarity. The same deep understanding that makes it hard for you to believe that your cousin who's a lush should be fired also makes it hard for you to condemn your friend Henry Kissinger with the vociferousness he deserves. The atmosphere, at any rate, is one that has made some badly needed qualities—strong dissent, for instance, or ideological passion—largely absent from federal policy.

Certain Requirements

Through the Moyers connection, Coates Redmon got her first Washington job, in the special projects division of the Peace Corps. In a first job in Washington, there are certain requirements for survival that don't exist later on. You have to prove your ability to do valuable work, and you have to establish the network of contacts that will see you through the coming years. In an outfit like the Peace Corps most people had come in through some personal contact and were thus trained to be on the lookout for more; and the group was made up of hard-working, like-minded people who didn't need any prodding to form close friendships. For Coates, finding some real work to do—making herself indispensable—was harder. She eventually wangled the assignment of helping write the Peace Corps' annual report to

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Congress, a task that had fallen to her division because nobody else wanted to do it. Writing the annual report was the main skill by which she was to survive in the Peace Corps.

Coates was flying back from a recruiting trip to Pittsburgh when President Kennedy was shot. At the Peace Corps, especially, the sorrow was great. The organization had lost its founder and patron, and as a result it also lost its brightest star. Moyers left right away to become Johnson's right-hand man in the White House—and brought with him as his top assistant, to everyone's surprise, Hayes Redmon from the Pentagon rather than anyone from the Peace Corps. So besides having a needed skill, Coates now had White House protection too. In 1965, when Shriver left the Peace Corps, his successor, Jack Vaughn, told her to keep on doing what she had done all along, writing the annual report. And Vaughn did her a favor by putting over her a new boss named Bob Hatch, who would later become a key figure in her survival network.

When Moyers left the White House in 1967 Hayes Redmon could hardly stay on, so the Redmons soon moved to Cambridge, Massachusetts, where Hayes took a job as assistant to Edwin Land at Polaroid. One day in Cambridge, Coates got a call from Adam Yarmolinsky—former whiz kid at the Pentagon, close friend of Hayes and fellow member of a network of secret doves high in the government, and then a professor at Harvard Law School. Yarmolinsky was running the fellowship program at the Kennedy Institute of Politics at Harvard, and he asked Coates to come and help him part-time. On the one hand it was a lowly job, handling the paperwork and the details for the too-busy Yarmolinsky, but on the other it really required someone who had what was by now one of Coates' special skills: knowledge of Washington.

People in the world of public affairs would apply for the fellowships, and Coates would know how to find out how good, how promising, each applicant really was. She would call other members of her network—people like Joe Califano in the White House or Bob Wood at HUD. These people were helping Coates do her job, and she was giving them a chance to do a favor for some of their bright young acquaintances. It worked very well, and Coates stayed for a year and a half, until mid-1969, when she left to have a baby.

Suddenly Very Serious

Three years later, the process of survival, which until then had been pleasantly haphazard for Coates, became suddenly very serious. Hayes Redmon had a severe heart attack in 1972 and died shortly thereafter, leaving Coates with two kids to feed and very little money. She had to find a way to live right away.

Among many other tries, she asked Professor Richard Neustadt, part of her new network at the Kennedy Institute, to get her an appointment with someone at the Ford Foundation. Neustadt obliged, but at Ford they told her that because the recession was just starting and because there were a lot of applicants, her chances were slim. By the way, the man interviewing her said, I see by your resume that you were in the Peace Corps. Do you know Bob Hatch?

Sure, said Coates, I used to work for him. Where is he? He was at the Children's Television Workshop. She went right downstairs to a phone booth and called Hatch, and he said to come on over.

Hatch said the workshop was starting a new series on health and sent Coates to see its director, Bill Kobin. Kobin was looking over her resume and said, oh, I see you have Bill Moyers down here as a reference—I used to be his producer. Coates was hired, saved by the Peace Corps network.

The job was stimulating but Coates' heart was in Washington. Through the Peace Corps network she got a job with Senator Charles Percy, and some months after that ended she got a call

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from Bob Hatch in New York. There was a new project starting up at public TV, he said, sort of a quiz show for eggheads, and they needed somebody with Coates' special skill, someone who really knew Washington and could line up the right guests. She went to work there in September 1976—again, courtesy of the network.

Just About Everybody

That time, the late summer and early fall of 1976, was important for just about everybody playing the Washington survival game. When the Democrats left power in 1968, practically all of them survived. If you were, like Coates, a woman, widowed, from the middle levels of government, you got by okay. Few people got by worse and a lot got by better. By 1976 nobody Coates knew from the Peace Corps was away from the world of Washington, and some of them had been saved and eased into comfortable niches by their friends despite severe problems, alcoholism or utter incompetence in a job. Having proved themselves and established their network 15 years before, the Peace Corps people no longer had to perform to survive. It helped, but it wasn't necessary.

Some of the Peace Corps people had managed to stay on in government under the Republicans. Some had

Survival in Washington is not a subject for polite conversation, usually less so than, say, sex. In my own research for this article I went through a string of canceled interview appointments, of secretaries telling me their bosses (Simon Lazarus and William Johnston of the White House domestic policy staff, for two) would be quite busy for the next four months and they'd get back to me after that. So it's no surprise that there are few published documents about survival.

One of the few—which is about survival unconsciously, but nonetheless centrally—is an odd little book called *Hope and Fear in Washington (The Early Seventies),* an account of the Washington press corps by Barney Collier. Collier published the book in 1975, at which time he was an ex-*New York Herald Tribune,* ex-*New York Times* reporter who was down on his luck and trying to bounce back.

The theme of the book is this: Collier calls up important press people and asks them to lunch. In the meantime he ruminates a little about his own troubles. He goes to lunch and conducts strange conversations with his subjects, who obviously think they're talking off the record, although Collier will put it all in his book.

Now the reason all these people talked to Collier in the first place is that they were part of his survival network. Lunch with a friend who needs some help is an important, and worthy, ritual of survival in Washington.

Thus: "Dan Rather's opening words with me were: 'Sure, Barney, of course I'll do it. I'm sure it's a . . . worthwhile . . . project. I'll see you, sure. We'll have . . . lunch.'"

Thus: "'I'll help you [says Art Buchwald]. I always like to help someone from the old *Herald Tribune.* We'll have lunch and talk about it.'"

But when it came time to write the book, Collier pulled out all the stops. In his preface he said, with masterful understatement, "This book was not written to be sober and respectable." In fact, it was *extremely irresponsible,* full of quotes like, "[John Chancellor] talked loudly in the nervously friendly way of a man who hasn't any true friends."

After publication there was a hail of vituperative abuse heaped on the book from all corners, and Collier, who was able to write it only because of his position in a survival network, has become a non-survivor. He is now said to be living quietly on a farm somewhere in Virginia.

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college presidencies. Some ran foundations. Some had ambassadorships. They were in business (but liberal business), labor unions, Capitol Hill offices, journalism—but all were still around and had survived on the strength of who they knew and what they knew.

Just about everybody had a network, often several. There are, for instance, networks built around almost every senator's office in Washington and around every major law school. There are networks of the proteges of powerful people, like the network of Theodore Hesburgh, president of Notre Dame, or of Chester Bowles, the former undersecretary of State, or of Robert Strauss, President Carter's special trade representative. There are cause networks made up of people who came to Washington to work for a cause and stayed on after the cause ended—like the network of Bobby Kennedy's Get-Hoffa Squad or Arnold Miller's Miners for Democracy. Network members stay in touch with one another. They help each other out in times of no jobs. A victory for one is a victory for all—one member's success puts him in a position to help the others more.

There are people who manage to survive forever in the appointive ranks of government, like Frank Carlucci (director of the Office of Economic Opportunity, deputy director of the Office of Management and Budget, undersecretary of HEW, and ambassador to Portugal under Nixon; deputy director of the CIA under Carter), but they are relatively rare. Some of those who haven't been able to work out the next job yet when they leave government are given the opportunity to spend a year decompressing and thinking and looking around on a fellowship. Coates gave out some of these at the Kennedy Institute; Robert O. Anderson, the ARCO tycoon, dispenses others at his Aspen Institute for Humanistic Studies, where distinguished men with titles like Director of Humanism and the Commonweal talk and write about such themes as From Independence to Interdependence. McGeorge Bundy at the Ford Foundation gave special one-year grants to some of Bobby Kennedy's closest staff after he was assassinated, people like Peter Edelman and Adam Walinsky, and a year later, to balance the ticket, Johnson aides like Califano and Walt Rostow got them too. These thinking fellowships are known collectively as The Leisure of the Theory Class.

But for the most part, survivors who leave government go into The Business—the access business, where you

make a living by marketing your knowledge of the people and the processes of the federal government. The Business is sprawling. It includes the economist at the Brookings Institution who understands federal budgeting, the tax lawyer who knows who to see at the IRS about an exemption, the PR man who knows every reporter in town, the university president who knows how to shake grant money loose from HEW, and (its most familiar practitioner) the lobbyist who can call his old friend the assistant

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secretary and ask a favor. The smartest lobbyists know assistant secretaries and congressmen want to stay in Washington, and they imply as much as possible that they can be of help in the quest—which in turn helps them survive by getting access.

The Business is an easy way to survive because there's a lot of demand for it. How Washington really works is still largely a mystery to the rest of America—and an important one, since Washington affects the lives of most people and institutions. People who have been in the federal government can sell this knowledge to the rest of the country.

But The Business, because it is at one remove from the crest of the wave, is only second best to being in government. While just about everybody survives, very few are able to survive well enough to get back in in a good spot. As you get older the jobs you'd take dwindle, and it becomes harder to muster the time and energy to work in campaigns, which is the surest route to jobs in the government. The people who are still in their 20s and early 30s—the ones who can take time off for campaign work—are the ones who get most of the good jobs. Still, in a year like 1976, when it becomes clear the Democrats are returning to power, the thoughts of just about everybody, young and old, turned to the election. People in Congress had to run; bureaucrats had to worry about what a new President would try to do to them; people in Coates' generation thought about getting back in; and people a generation younger thought about getting in for the first time.

Drop Everything

Coates was happily at work on the TV show one day in November 1976 when she got a call from Mitzi Wertheim, yet another network member from the Peace Corps. Wertheim was in charge of the "foreign affairs cluster" in the Carter transition office. She asked Coates if she could drop everything and come over and work for two days, helping compile files on candidates for high appointive office. Coates would be perfect because she was a proven writer and she knew Washington. She said sure, she'd do it, and ended up staying for five weeks. During that time she was able to repay in a small way some of the people who had helped her survive by working up job files on them; she did this for people like Moyers and Shriver.

In that atmosphere of resumes you throw your own into the pile, which Coates did. Meanwhile *another* member of the network, Mary Hoyt, who had shared an office with Coates at the Peace Corps, had run a PR business with some Peace Corps alumni, and had developed the sui generis talent of handling PR for the wives of important politicians, had surfaced as Rosalynn Carter's press secretary. One day Hoyt said to Coates, "Give me your resume and give it to me fast," and shortly thereafter she called back and offered Coates a job in the White House as "East Wing Writer." Almost all of the rest of the old Peace Corps crowd made some play for a job that never quite panned out. Most of them had shied away from Jimmy Carter for too long, had wanted jobs slightly out of their reach, and hadn't had the freedom to drop everything and join the campaign or the transition as Coates had.

At the same time, there was intense job-hunting activity on many other levels. One of the most intense was that of the bright young lawyers and Capitol Hill staff members and political academics, people in their late 20s and early 30s, full of energy and ambition, most wanting to be involved in formulating domestic policy. Few of these people went to work for the Carter primary campaign, but a group of them hopped aboard after it became clear Carter would be the Democratic nominee and spent the summer and fall working on issues in Atlanta.

After Carter was elected there was a second wave of domestic-policy hiring, and that wave included Joseph Onek. At 34, Onek had already survived in

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Washington for some years, having initially broken in through outstanding academic performance. Onek is from the Forest Hills section of Queens (no network potential there). He went from there to Harvard (that's one network), from there to England for two years on a Marshall scholarship (another network), and then to Yale Law School (yet another). There he did very well—well enough to become one of the top editors of the law review, which in turn was enough of a credential to get him a clerkship with

Judge David Bazelon of the District of Columbia Circuit Court and then one with Justice William Brennan of the Supreme Court. It was these clerkships that brought Onek to Washington, and he didn't intend at the time to stay longer than the two years they would keep him here.

When the second clerkship ended Onek went to work for Senator Edward Kennedy's Administrative Practices Subcommittee (working for Kennedy is one of the best survival jobs on Capitol Hill; others are working for Senator Henry Jackson and, when he was still there, Senator Walter Mondale). Onek took the place of a Yale classmate who was going to clerk on the Supreme Court; and the subcommittee's chief counsel, Jim Flug, was a member of two of Onek's networks—they had gone to Harvard together and had both been clerks for Bazelon. Meanwhile another friend from Harvard, who had also gone to Yale Law School and clerked on the D.C. Circuit, Charles Halpern, had founded the Center for Law and Social Policy, a public interest law firm respectable enough to be funded by the Ford Foundation. Onek went there from Kennedy's subcommittee, and by 1976, five years later, he was running the firm.

Onek had stayed pretty clear of the campaign, but the network nonetheless reached out for him. Ten days before the election he got a call from Harrison Wellford, a former aide to Ralph Nader (whose former aides now comprise one of the most successful networks in government). Onek and Wellford had been Marshall scholars together and had had some contact through the Nader organization, so they were fellow network members. Wellford asked Onek if he would take some time off and work in the transition on health issues—a field Onek had practiced in and taught a course in at Maryland Law School, where the dean was a friend from Yale. Onek said sure he would.

During the transition Onek worked partly with Stu Eizenstat and partly with Joe Califano, just appointed secretary of HEW. Onek knew Califano in a variety of ways. Califano had been a staunch friend of the Center for Law and Social Policy. When the Ford Foundation would become itchy about its funding of the Center, Califano would sometimes step in and call Mac Bundy at the foundation (who, remember, had given Califano a fellowship after working in the White House with him) and save the day. They were on opposite sides of an issue sometimes and on the same side sometimes.

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Better Than Anyone

By this time it was clear who of the Kennedy-Johnson-era people was going to survive really well and who wasn't, and Califano had to be accorded the honor of having survived better than anyone in Washington. His career was a thing of beauty. In his early thirties he had held the best domestic policy job in the Johnson Administration, at the President's right hand. After that he went into The Business, but somehow he managed both to make more money at it than anyone else and to keep his public-affairs image impeccable. He had written two books, one on World Youth and the other on The Presidency. He had had some key prestige clients, such as *The Washington Post,* Daniel Schorr, and the Democratic National Committee. In his law firm he had surrounded himself with the brightest young legal talent in the country. He had managed the transition from staff-level government job to Cabinet-level government job beautifully, and here he was again in the best domestic-affairs job in the administration.

The competition for best survivor, junior division, was harder to judge, but certainly a leading candidate for the honor was Ben Heineman Jr., Califano's young executive assistant. Son of a Chicago tycoon, a man who could be doing any one of a hundred important things right now, Heineman had been a Rhodes Scholar, gone to Yale Law School, and eventually had come to be Califano's closest aide. He had also worked with Onek at the Center for Law and Social Policy, which had become quite a network of its own, sending half a dozen others into high government jobs in the Carter Administration. For his part, Onek decided after the transition to stay with the Eizenstat operation and moved on to the White House staff as an associate director of the dometic policy staff for health issues.

Onek and the other associate directors—bright, ambitious people in their early to mid-30s—are just where they want to be right now, right at the center of things, their lives for the most part unbroken strings of successes to date. But already that is beginning to change. Options are starting to close down. The time is coming, a year and a half into their new jobs, to start thinking about what comes next—about how to survive. Part of it is the natural desire (in Washington) to become restless after a couple of years. Part is that working for Jimmy Carter is fast losing its luster. Part is that the associate directors are approaching that key age where you ought really to shift from a staff job to a line job, like an assistant secretaryship. So they're at the place where surviving and governing are intertwined.

In that place, there are some networks where everyone is simon-pure and thinks only about doing the job at hand, never about what will come next. At the other end of the spectrum, there are some where every move is designed to improve later prospects in The Business. Just as back home some insurance agents join charity boards just to sell the other members policies, in Washington there are people who work in campaigns and take pro bono cases solely to make contacts, and who while in public office make sure to touch base with as many people as they can both in and out of government. "When LBJ said he wasn't going to run again," says one of his aides now, "I made damn sure to call all those agencies and departments. I tried to find out who those guys were and what they did. I wanted 'em to remember my name when I called 'em and it wasn't from the White House."

For the most part people in government fall into some middle ground, their survival process and their networks not explicitly corrupting (the way being in Bobby Baker's survival network would be), but always in mind. Most people in Washington know they will live on on the strengths of their contacts and their reputation,

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so as they go about their jobs they naturally build up their strengths in those two areas. As a result they're one degree blander, one degree more technocratic, than they might otherwise be—and so, therefore, is the federal government.

'Who Do You Answer?'

Anybody with an important job in government deals constantly with two facts of life: that more people want to make contact with him than he has time for, and that he has a built-in constituency of interest groups that he must deal with. "I never understood the access issue before," says Onek, "but I began to notice it in the transition. On a busy day, which isn't every day, on those days, you see what it's like. I come back to my office and there are 20 phone messages on my desk and I don't have time to return them all. Who do you answer? Your friends. People who are well-known. People you have a professional relationship with. Staffers on the Hill. That experience has given me a sense of how Washington works."

Why grant access? That gets back to survival. In the simplest formulation, you might give access to those who can help you survive in the future. But Onek is certainly not going to leave his job to work for the American Medical Association, so it's subtler than that. First of all, you'll stay in touch with your community—the cluster of groups that have to do with your job, not only the businesses but the foundations and the trade press and the think tanks. Second, and more broadly, there's that pan-Washington sense of shared enterprise. When Clark Clifford calls the White House you'll probably call back, not because you want to work for his law firm but because he's just a long-standing part of Washington, somebody you'd like to know. Not many people of integrity will make a decision based solely on the expectation of a future favor. But just about everybody tries, in a general way, to be nice, because of a vague sense that anybody might, in the fluid world of Washington, be a good person to have a friendly relationship with.

Reputation is even more subtly managed than contacts, and probably even more important to the way government works. One White House aide, not Onek, asked how you build a reputation that will insure your survival, started to list adjectives. You want to be reasonable, he said. Cool. Cogent. Toughminded. Responsible. Pragmatic. Visible within government, though invisible in the press. Expert. Tolerant. You have to be able to size up complicated situations, to understand the forces coursing through Washington and make them work for you. The ability to compromise. The ability to move events.

What kind of reputation won't help you survive? You can't be a blatant self-aggrandizer. It's bad to be disloyal, the kind of person who testifies against the administation. People remember that kind of thing. It's bad to be partisan. Emotional. Uncontrolled. Irresponsible.

That last is really the key word, and those who don't survive well are usually those who have committed the sin of irresponsibility. Daniel Ellsberg, for instance, behaved very irresponsibily in the late 60s and early 70s, while Cyrus Vance was responsible, not popping off, working through channels. Look where each is now. Rep. Ken Hechler of West Virginia, who left his seat in 1976 to run unsuccessfully for governor, was one of the first politicians to stand up on the mine safety issue, but on the other hand he's flamboyant and a little strange. So when he recently tried (unsuccessfully) to win his old seat back, all Washington backed the incumbent, a responsible young man named Nick Joe Rahall.

"There's a sense," says one person high up in the government, "that the people and issues you deal with are all part of a world that you want to remain a part of." Everybody in Washington knows what it takes to stay in that world, and just about everybody plays by the rules. ■

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Tidbits and Outrages

What's Up Doc?

A recent report by the Council on Wage and Price Stability reveals that between 1950 and 1977 doctors' fees increased 43 per cent faster per year than other prices.

Automotive Hobbies Build Men

We believe in adequate recreational facilities for members of the armed forces, but we wondered a bit about a recent request from the Procurement Office of McGuire Air Force Base for bids for the design of an *addition* to the base's automotive hobby shop. The estimated cost: "between $100,000 and $500,000."

Inflation Is Everywhere

The Civil Service Commission has found that the jobs of more than 150,000 federal workers are overgraded—meaning their salaries and ranks are not justified by the work they do. The commission estimated that these workers were being overpaid $780 million a year and found that the greatest number of overgradings occurred in the middle and upper level jobs.

Dog Bites Man at Subcommittee Hearing

In our April issue Leonard Reed explained how an agency head handles the conflict between his duty of loyalty to his administration and his drive for bigger budgets for his agency. A recent example is provided by this UPI account of an appearance before Congress by William Webster, the director of the FBI:

"Webster supported the administration's $556,750,000 FBI budget for fiscal 1979 before a House Appropriations subcommittee.

"But under questioning, Webster expressed agreement with House members who felt budget cuts imposed by the administration's Office of Management and Budget would hamper the agency's effectiveness.

"'I share your concern,' Webster told Rep. Edward A. Cederberg (R.-Mich.), who said he was worried about the impact of the budget cuts. 'I am concerned we are losing coordination in our primary areas.'"

How Many Conned People Can You Find In This Story

Here is a press release we received on April 11 from the General Services Administration:

"Jay Solomon, head of the U.S. General Services Administration, today received the Society of American Florists' 'Environmental Awareness Award' in a White House ceremony hosted by Mrs. Rosalynn Carter. The award was presented by Mel Schwanke, president of SAF, the nation's oldest trade association.

"Solomon received the award from the 77-year-old group mainly for his initiative in brightening federal offices through the use of live plants. GSA owns or leases about 10,000 federal buildings across the country.

"In accepting the award, Solomon thanked Mrs. Carter and the President for their hospitality. . . . He thanked Schwanke and the Society of American Florists for 'this high honor, which has special significance to me because of my lifetime interest in design and landscaping.' . . . .

"The society, which coined its now-familiar slogan 'Say it with flowers' in 1917, began giving its Environmental Awareness Award in 1976, Schwanke said. It is awarded to an individual or organization judged to have 'most effectively exposed the American people to the everyday use of flowers and plants, and demonstrated active support of environmental awareness.'"

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The Screwing of the Average Fan: Edward Bennett Williams and the Washington Redskins

by Joseph Nocera

It was September 1964, and Washington's best-known criminal lawyer, Edward Bennett Williams, was talking to a reporter about some stock he had recently purchased. "This is the most highly speculative investment you could possibly make," he said. "When you invest in a pro club, all you're getting is a franchise. There are no tangible assets to speak of. Moreover, if anything came along to cause a cessation of sports, such as national mobilization, the investment would be nil."

The stock Williams was referring to was his 50 shares—at the time, representing five per cent—of Pro Football, Inc., a Maryland company that owns a Washington institution, the Redskins football team. Williams has never said how much those shares cost him back in the early 1960s, but it is believed to have been between $60,000 and $100,000.

What has happened to Williams and the Redskins since then is quite remarkable. Williams now has near-total control of the Redskins. He has been on the football team's board of directors since 1963 and its president since 1965.

And those "highly speculative" 50 shares now constitutes almost 15 per cent of the outstanding shares in the company. A conservative figure for its value, given the asking price for football teams these days, is about $4 million. It is rather unlikely that Edward Bennett Williams stays awake nights worrying about national mobilization.

Through the years, the number of people owning stock in the Redskins has dwindled to the point where

Joseph Nocera is an editor of The Washington Monthly. *He was assisted in the research for this article by Michael Murphy and Janet Marinelli.*

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Williams now has only one remaining partner in Pro Football, Inc. He is Jack Kent Cooke, the Los Angeles sports mogul, owner of the Los Angeles basketball and hockey teams as well as the arena in which they play their home games. Cooke bought 250 shares in the Washington Redskins in the early 1960s for $350,000. Just four years ago, these shares represented a minority interest in the team. Today they constitute 72 per cent of the Redskins and are worth in the neighborhood of $20 million.

It's no big secret, of course, that owners of sports franchises can make a lot of money, although they would have you believe they are going broke. Cooke, in fact, once wrote prospective buyers for his Redskins stock that the team was "a tax shelter, possibly better than any in America." He also says, "There has not been, to my knowledge, a major franchise sold for less than what was paid for it."

No, what's really startling here is not the amount of money Williams and Cooke stand to make (though that *is* admittedly striking), but rather the way in which they are going to make it.

Simply put, the Redskins ticket-holders have been buying the team for its two stockholders.

Buying Back the Stock

As members of the board of directors of Pro Football, Inc., Williams, Cooke, and a third director, the late Milton King, have arranged for the team to buy back its own stock as it has become available. Thus, where there were once 1,000 shares of outstanding stock in the Redskins, there are now only 350. In its most significant purchases of stock, in 1972, Pro Football, Inc., bought and promptly retired 260 shares in the Redskins held by the estate of George Preston Marshall. Two years later, the company bought and retired the remaining 260 shares from the estate. Total cost to Pro Football, Inc.: $8.8 million. But the company did not have that kind of money on hand, so the purchases had to be financed through a series of bank loans. Today, most of that money is still owed to the bank.

The effect of having Pro Football, Inc. buy the stock has been the same as if Williams, Cooke, and King had bought the stock themselves—the value of their own shares has increased in direct proportion to the number of shares bought back and retired by the company. In fact, the only real difference between buying the shares themselves and having their company do it for them is this: *they are not spending any of their own money.*

A Tightly Held Secret

The Redskins have the highest average ticket price in the National Football League, $12.65. Their highest-priced ticket is $20, a figure matched only by the Philadelphia Eagles. The high ticket prices notwithstanding, the Redskins have lost money in recent years: $500,000 in 1975 and 1976 and $750,000 in 1977, according to Williams. Naturally, to hear Williams tell it, the problem has been the spiraling costs of fielding a winning football team these days. Oh how anguished Williams becomes when it's time to boost ticket prices. The stadium is too small, he says, the payroll too high (the highest in professional football, it is said). This is the price the fans must bear for a good team, he concludes somberly. And in the old days, before he fired coach George Allen, Williams had a standard and oft-told joke: "I gave Allen an unlimited budget," Williams would say, "and he exceeded it."

What Williams doesn't mention in that litany is the loans taken out and the stock payments made by the Redskins. But while the exact nature of the loans and their repayment schedules is a tightly held secret among Redskins brass, enough has come out to make one fact of Redskins finance quite obvious: it has been the loans, far more than the free-spending coaches or the high salaries, that have caused the Redskins to lose money in recent years.

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And thus, it has been the loans, paid for by the team to enrich its stockholders, that are the underlying reason for the ticket price increases in the past few years.

The people who negotiated those loans or know the details won't talk about them; the Redskins are a very privately owned company. But from time to time there have been published reports hinting at their size. *Sports Illustrated,* for example, said in 1975 that they "are estimated to cost the Redskins almost $1 million a year in interest." More recently George Allen, the deposed coach, flew into a fit of rage after being blamed by Williams for spending so much that the team lost money. The real reason for the losses, he sputtered to a *Washington Star* reporter, was the $600,000 in debt-service being paid annually on the Redskins bank loans.

A *Washington Post* reporter came up with a team balance sheet a few years ago showing that the Redskins lost $340,000 in 1975. His story was mostly concerned with Allen's contract, the big jump in the team's payroll, and the cost of things like film, phones, and training camp, but it also mentioned that the Redskins paid about $840,000 in interest in that year.

Even a little simple arithmetic shows the potential bite repayment could put into the Redskins budget. A $6.8 million loan, at eight-percent interest (the prime lending rate in 1974) would be repayed at $692,000 a year over 20 years time. If the loan were repayed over 30 years, it would be $604,000 per year.

Owing the Bankers a Bundle

Whichever figures are right, it is clear that the Redskins owe the banks a bundle. One person who knows about some of the transactions said that the team "had to go to the banks. They didn't have very much cash." And shortly before he died in 1976, Redskin board member Milton King admitted something Williams never has:

"People wonder why the Redskins cry poverty with all seven home games sold out and people waiting in line for tickets," he said. "We owe the banks a lot of money."

Obviously, that's not the sort of thing Williams wants to talk about when he raises ticket prices. But it's hard to deny: if you take away those loans the Redskins would have made a profit the last three years, despite Allen's supposedly spend-thrift ways. If you took away the loans, however, Edward Bennett Williams would not stand to make a capital gain on his investment somewhere on the order of 2,000 per cent. That's his dirty little secret.

A High Profile

Edward Bennett Williams has made a national reputation by defending big names in criminal trials. He has handled the big cases, the highly publicized trials of people like Jimmy Hoffa, Bobby Baker, John Connally, and Richard Helms. "What he has really done," says former law partner and current Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare Joseph Califano, "is make the practice of criminal law respectable."

But in Washington, all of that takes a back seat to Williams' role as president of the Redskins. Running the football team, feuding with coach George Allen, speculating on the team's prospects in the coming year—that's what gives Williams a high profile in this city.

Jack Kent Cooke, in that disarmingly honest letter to prospectve buyers, said that owning the Redskins was "a prestige role . . . the most notable figures in Washington, from the former Chief Justice to the present Secretary of State [Henry Kissinger] have been guests at RFK Stadium. Yes, on a few occasions, the President of the United States."

For Williams, a man with a flourishing and lucrative law practice, there are other advantages too. It impresses clients and potential clients to watch the football game from the private

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booth of the team's owner. Or to ride in the team limousine. And most importantly, owning the Redskins insures Williams a ton of favorable publicity. "That investment was worth its weight in gold just for the ink it gets Williams," says one Washington sports reporter.

Here's *The Washington Star,* circa 1971: "Williams is a perfectionist willing to give 100 per cent of himself to achieve the goal [of winning]. . . . He has all the earthly goods a man could desire: a comfortable home, an attractive wife and seven children to fill the house with laughter and happiness. But he can't be content. Not until he gives Washington a winner."

Or *The Washington Post,* just this April, in a story about how he fired George Allen: "[Williams] had built a reputation in the legal and political circles of Washington and the nation as an honorable, ethical man. . . ."

It's a safe bet that all this free and favorable publicity hasn't exactly hurt his law practice.

Gaining Control

It is, all in all, a lovely spot for a prominent Washington lawyer to be in, and the fact that Williams is there is no accident. He first bought stock in the Redskins in 1962—38 shares—from George Preston Marshall, Sr., the cantankerous owner who ran the club with an iron fist. Marshall was an erratic and unpredictable man, an acknowledged racist (to him, NAACP was supposed to have meant Never at Anytime Any Colored Players), and a man who had practically disowned his two children when his wife divorced him years before. But he had a soft spot in his heart for Williams. "Williams was like the perfect son to Marshall, the type of son he always wanted," according to one report.

Marshall trusted Williams, so he allowed the lawyer to buy the stock on credit for a reported $58,000, made him a member of the board of directors, and by 1963 had named Williams in his will as one of the trustees of his estate. Williams later bought an additional 12 shares from King for an undisclosed amount.

When Marshall's health began to deteriorate badly late in 1963, King, Williams, and a third minority stockholder got Marshall to agree to let them be conservators—that is, guardians—of his estate. It was an odd arrangement: in essence three minority stockholders who were also directors of the team were in charge of looking out for the best interests of the majority stockholder. (For Williams, the situation was even odder—he, after all, was still paying Marshall for his shares of stock. Thus, as conservator, he was in the unique position of collecting money from himself.)

Over the next six years, until Marshall died a sick and senile man in 1969, the three conservators slugged it out with the two Marshall children—who had been cut out of the will completely—for control of the team.

By all accounts it was a nasty affair. The children, Catherine Price and George Marshall, Jr., charged that it was unethical to have minority stockholders and Redskin directors as conservators to the estate and named as trustees in the will. (Ironically, in 1972, after Williams and the other stockholders had insured that they would keep control of the team, they agreed on that point. King and Williams stepped down as trustees, citing "the best interests" of the Marshall estate.) The Marshall children were also infuriated that the courts were allowing the conservators to pay their own legal fees out of the Marshall estate but had refused a similar request from the other side.

On July 2, 1966, the dispute became downright ugly. On that day, with King and Williams out of town (the third conservator had since died), the two children entered Marshall's home with two "witnesses" and came out a few minutes later with what they claimed was a new will. Marshall (who by now was confined to a wheelchair and could not speak) had assented to the new will, they claimed. Needless to

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say, this new document would turn the entire estate over to the two children.

Williams was outraged. He demanded that the new will be turned over to the conservators and had young Marshall held in contempt of court and actually jailed for a short time for refusing to do so. He attempted to cut off support payments for Price's son, who was in a New York mental hospital. Williams also saw to it that both children's visiting rights to their father were severely restricted. And he had a psychiatrist evaluate Marshall's mental health—"incompetent," said the report.

But the children had a new will, a potent weapon no matter how they had obtained it. After years of more legal wrangling, it was obvious just how potent: in January 1972, three years after Marshall's death, the case was settled out of court. Catherine Price and George Marshall Jr. each received $750,000 in a lump sum, $10,000 annually, and four season tickets to Redskins games. To pay for this the Marshall estate sold 260 shares of the Redskins—half of what it owned—back to the club for $3 million.

Off the club went to the bank for $2 million to supplement $1 million the team would use to finance the settlement. Pro Football, Inc., as it would do again in 1974, was picking up the tab for Williams, Cooke, and King.

The three stockholders would continue to control the club under the agreed-to terms, and Williams would stay on as president of the team, as he had since 1965. Also in the settlement, placed under seal by the court, was another provision that guaranteed that the three minority stockholders could never lose control of the Redskins unless they wanted to.

That provision gave the stockholders the first right to buy any stock in the Marshall estate put up for sale in the future. It was a fortuitous move, for two years later the new trustees of the estate did indeed decide it was time to sell the remaining shares.

Williams, Cooke, and King waited to

Paul Fine Photo

Edward Bennett Williams (third from left) entertaining in his private box at a Redskins game.

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see who would buy the stock. When there was only one solid offer, for $5.2 million, they moved in with a better offer, $5.8 million, on behalf of Pro Football, Inc. Since they already had quietly retired the small amount of stock outside the Marshall estate (including 50 shares held by the late coach Vince Lombardi at the time of his death in 1970), there was now no stock left in the company that was not in their possession. With 350 shares, they owned the whole team, and at a fraction of the cost.

So there it is, in at least a bit of its colorful detail: the story of how Edward Bennett Williams—vaunted man of integrity, one of the best trial lawyers in the country, respected if not loved by those who know him—fleeced the Redskins fans. He and Cooke and King took the Redskins rooters straight to the cleaners.

And the details of the stock transaction are no big secret in Washington. The facts, such as they are, have been in the papers periodically. Big names like Walter Pincus and Carl Bernstein have written stories about the will fight between the conservators and the children. Just about every sports reporter in town knows what happened.

So why isn't anyone mad? What Williams et. al. have done is not illegal, but surely it is scandalous. On one level, a good case can be made that a sports franchise is not just another business but something a little bit more, requiring an abiding integrity, even a touch of nobility on the part of sports owners. Dave Anderson, writing in the *Times* recently, put it this way: "It is one thing for a wheeler-dealer to mismanage a private firm. It is quite another for a wheeler-dealer to mismanage sports franchises that are really a public trust for the people who spend their money and their emotions to support those franchises."

But in this case, the wheeling and dealing is such that the facts alone are enough. Look at them yourself: Several men, one of them an important and prominent lawyer, gain control of a business by putting themselves in charge of the interests of the majority stockholder. Any move they make on behalf of the majority stockholder affects them directly, since they are minority stockholders and members of the board of directors of the business. After gaining firm control of the business (with the right to purchase stock before anyone else) they graciously step down as trustees to the estate of the majority stockholder. But as directors of the business, they then proceed to have the business buy away all his stock. It doesn't cost them a penny, but, when the time comes for them to sell their own stock, the deal will make them quite rich.

This is not the sort of thing you or I could do. If we wanted to buy stock in a company, we would have to do it ourselves, with our own money. We would not be able to let the company do it for us.

But aside from that, there are enough "potential" conflicts-of-interest (one of those great catch-all phrases in reporting), that reporters should be clamoring to write this story. If a politician had done something like this, he would have been in the headlines for weeks (although to be fair, it is not uncommon for conservators to have a close working relationship with the person whose intrests they are protecting). But this story hasn't seen that kind of reporting and probably won't.

That the implications of what Williams, Cooke, and King did will never make the daily papers is a sad commentary on the people who write about sports in this city. This is supposed to be a good newspaper town, full of tough, hard-nosed reporters, sharpened by stiff competition, at the top of their profession.

But a look through the clips for stories on these stock transactions shows no outraged columns nor angry analysis. Nothing of the kind. In the *Star,* the big—and apparently only—concern at the time was how the National Football League would handle Cooke if the 1974 deal was made. There is an NFL by-law that

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forbids a majority stockholder in a football team to own a team in another sport. But the NFL has apparently agreed to look the other way in this case, so long as Cooke keeps a low profile and Williams runs the team.

At the *Post*, the reporting was even worse, but then the *Post* has been good to Williams in recent years. Maybe that's because his law firm is the counsel for the *Post*, a rather remarkable fact considering how big a newsmaker Williams is in the city. Or maybe it's because he's such a close friend of Ben Bradlee—so much so that he stayed at Bradlee's house the night he fired Allen because he didn't want to talk to any reporters.

Everyone Likes A Winner

Whatever the case, the *Post* has steered clear of ever spelling out to the fans how they are helping make Edward Bennett Williams a rich man, although it has hammered away at such Allen "extravagances" as his long distance phone calling and has found petty ways to criticize him almost daily during his years in Washington.

One possible explanation for the coverage may be the attitude of sportswriters here toward the two men. David Israel, formerly of the *Washington Star* and now with the *Chicago Tribune,* is not atypical when he says, "You've got to remember that Allen was just a horrible person to deal with when he was here. By comparison Williams was a good guy. I like Williams, myself," Israel added.

Another explanation is that the Redskins *do* have the highest salary scale in the league and they have spent enormous amounts of money turning a perennial loser into a first-class team. Everyone, the fans and the sportswriters, likes a winner, and Williams has given this city a team in which they take considerable pride. To do this, he has had to give up immediate income, by way of profits, that he might have otherwise made. But in the process, he has also succeeded in making himself a rich man. He may not be making the profits now, but that stock is a far more valuable asset.

Which brings us, finally, to F.A.N.S., Ralph Nader's new sports outfit. It has gotten off to a rocky start, with bad press and some mixed-up priorities (who the hell cares if people paying $100 per seat don't get as good an insight into a boxing match as those watching television).

But if F.A.N.S. can impress upon fans the way profits are made and deals are struck, if it can show Redskin fans how they've been enriching Edward Bennett Williams and Jack Kent Cooke, and if it can nudge our sports pages in the right direction, it will be performing a valuable function. We need to know when we are being had, even at the ballgame. ■

The Numbers Game

If you read this story closely, you will notice that the numbers don't add up. Since there are only two stockholders in Pro Football, Inc., and one owns 72 per cent of the team while the other owns almost 15 per cent, that only accounts for about 86 per cent of the team. Where's the rest of the stock?

The rest of the stock consists of the 50 shares owned by the late Milton King, who died in 1976. And the current owner of his stock is a mystery.

According to a trustee to his estate, the stock was sold "to one of the two other stockholders"—that is, either Cooke or Williams. "I'm not going to say any more than that," added the trustee, Robert Frank—who was also King's adopted son and law partner.

The Redskins organization said: "This is not the sort of information we give out." Cooke does not talk about his finances, and I could not get to Williams to find out if he bought the 50 shares. Frank said the team did not buy back King's 50 shares, so there are still 350 outstanding shares of the Redskins stock.

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'Within the limits imposed by the genetic species-type on the one hand and the patterning of the culture on the other, lies the opportunity for given individuals and groups to develop independently structured behavioral systems. Because an actor is genetically human, and because his learning occurs in the context of a particular cultural system, his learned behavioral system (which I shall call his personality) shares certain broad features with other personalities—e.g., the language he habitually speaks. At the same time, his organism and its environment—physical, social, and cultural—are always in certain respects unique. Hence, his own behavioral system will be a *unique variant* of the culture and its particular patterns of action. It is therefore essential to consider the personality system as not reducible to either the organism or the culture—*what* is learned is part of neither the 'structure' of the organism in the usual sense nor a feature of the cultural system. It comprises an *analytically independent system.*'

—*Talcott Parsons, the most honored modern sociologist, in his greatest book,* Societies.

Translation:

'People are alike in some ways and different in others.'

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What's Wrong With Sociology

by Michael Nelson

Articles about popular writers don't ordinarily open with invocations of Thomas Jefferson and Samuel Johnson, but bear with me for a moment, because there is a reason why this one does. Jefferson and Johnson are of special interest here because they represent the last gasp of an age when it was possible—almost literally—to master human knowledge. Jefferson read, and was read by, many of the leading philosophers, scientists, and other thinkers of his day; Johnson singlehandedly wrote a dictionary.

In part, Jefferson and Johnson could do these things because knowledge in their time was not nearly so vast or technical as it is today. The Industrial Revolution accounts for the change, of course; the technological and social imperatives of mass production made life more complicated in just about every way imaginable. But a second, equally important reason that Jefferson and Johnson were able to know so much was that they lived at a time when people who were learned in one field invariably tried to be learned in others. As a result, scholars made it a practice to explain what they knew as clearly as possible and to demand that others do the same; how else could they share knowledge with literate people everywhere?

This, too, has changed in ways that are far less excusable. Scholars have not only grouped themselves into specialized departments and disciplines—an inevitable division of labor in the modern age—but they have also started building walls of linguistic and statistical density around their subject areas, heaping invective on those so foolish as to try to enter without the proper advanced degrees. As many people know from personal experience, there's no sneer like the sneer of a modern professor who hears a "lay-

Michael Nelson is a contributing editor of The Washington Monthly.

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man" trying to tell him something about his subject.

Perverse as it may seem, this condition is especially bad in the social sciences—economics, psychology, sociology, anthropology, and political science. These disciplines deal with people, the one subject that just about everybody knows quite a bit about. Because of this, it is much harder for social scientists to convince the rest of the world that they are the only experts, and it seems much more necessary for them to surround themselves with jargon and formulae that others can't unravel. I suspect that if Jefferson or Johnson were to turn up at, say, a physics convention, he would be baffled by what he was hearing, but could find a dozen or more Mr. Wizards to try to help him understand. But were he to attend a convention of sociologists, he would be not only baffled, but also brushed off by those he asked to explain things.

A perfect example of the ills of social scientists—particularly sociologists—is their treatment of Vance Packard. Packard is one of the few writers around who has made a point of challenging social scientists for their turf. He has dug into their arcane journals and, in effect, translated their research into English. He has gone beyond them in some cases, studying social problems they should have been looking at but were not. For this contribution Packard has been heaped with abuse from the sociologists—abuse that, when examined, is more indicative of the shortcomings of social science than of the shortcomings of Packard.

But that's getting us a little bit ahead of our story, because Packard did not set out to do any of these things. From 1937, the year he graduated from the Columbia School of Journalism, until well into the 1950s, Packard was writing articles like "Don't Let Your Plumbing Problems Get You Down," "How I Lost 15 Pounds in One Month," and "I Had My Wife Made Over," mostly as a staff writer for *American* magazine, a competitor of the *Saturday Evening Post*. It was the kind of outfit, he says, where the editor thought you were "cheating" if you did any library research before writing a story.

To Packard's credit, he began chafing at the bit. "The fifties were the end of the road for general-interest magazines because television was drawing so much of their ad revenue away," he recalls. "So the magazines began prostituting themselves to attract ads. Every issue of *American* had to have a food article, a do-it-yourself article, a travel article, and a kiss-ass-with-big-business article because the advertising department told us we needed them. They didn't want anything that was outside those categories; once when I was writing a piece on some interesting things retired people were doing, marvelous things, they told the editors to 'get that goddamned crap out of there' because they were after a young audience. I got fed up and left, and a year later I wrote *The Hidden Persuaders*, then *The Status Seekers* and *The Waste Makers*."

These books, all of them published during the second term of the Eisenhower administration, were remarkable for a number of reasons. Not least was that they were all number-one bestsellers on the *New York Times* non-fiction list, the first time ever that an author had scored with three in a row. "I came in at just the right time," explains Packard. "There had been a kind of moratorium on social criticism during the war and the McCarthy period, and I had a feeling that people were ready for some."

Packard has since shown great prescience in knowing which social forces people are going to be interested in a few years down the pike. He also has shown an uncanny knack for tossing off insights that only years later will be hailed as revealed knowledge. Reading the early books of Vance Packard in a short period of time, as I did, is not an aesthetically pleasing experience—his writing style has not changed much since the "His Best

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Friends are Monkeys" and "Let's All Go Fishing" days with *American*—but it is startling to discover that there is someone who has been, over the years, so right, so soon, so often.

In 1959, for example, Packard explained in *The Status Seekers* that "America, under its gloss of prosperity, is undergoing a significant hardening of the arteries of its social system." We all know that now, but 20 years ago hardly anyone did; the conventional wisdom of the time was summed up in *Life* magazine's proclamation that the United States finally had become the "most truly classless society in history." In that same book Packard described a "real lower class" of poor people in the same terms that later won Michael Harrington plaudits for discovering *The Other America*. He advanced proposals for "more democracy" in the workplace long before that became fashionable on the left. He compared the American worker's plight to that of the non-commissioned officer (although theoretically non-coms, like workers, are allowed to rise up the promotion ladder, very few actually can) and wrote of the great psychological pain consequently imposed on laborers "who have accepted the American dream of limitless opportunity" and thus blamed themselves for their failure to advance. Richard Sennett and Jonathan Cobb won awards when they developed this same point years later in *The Hidden Injuries of Class*.

If anything, *The Waste Makers*, published a year after *The Status Seekers*, was even more foresighted in its anti-growth-for-growth's-sake stance. Recall that this was a time when the word "consumerism" was used to describe a doctrine that favored consuming more; when President Eisenhower, asked at a press conference what citizens could do to fight the recession, replied, "Buy." (Q: "Buy what?" A: "Buy anything.") Yet *The Waste Makers* finds Packard worrying about all this—about depleting natural resources, denuding the environment, and warping our values such that people "gain their feelings of significance from acts of consumption rather than from their meditations, achievements, personal worth, or service to others." It really isn't too much to say that Packard foretold the environmental, consumer (President Kennedy established the first consumer council in the White House after reading *The Waste Makers*), and small-is-beautiful movements. And if that doesn't impress you, how about this warning, from Chapter 18: "As the United States becomes more dependent upon foreign sources for its supplies of vital materials, it becomes more vulnerable to a cutoff in case of war or in case a foreign government chose to hoard its resources." When? Well, "at today's [i.e., 1960's] rate of consumption," we'll be most vulnerable on oil in "thirteen years." You figure it out.

Packard has dug into social scientists' arcane journals and, in effect, translated their research into English. . . . studying social problems they should have been looking at but were not. For this contribution Packard has been heaped with abuse. . . .

Besides his ability to see these truths before the rest of us, there's one other important reason why Packard's books are as good as they are (and, ironically, why they are not as good as they could be). His answer to the social scientist's "What is your methodology?" is a journalist's answer: "I go to the best sources." What does that mean? "Well, it depends. For *The People-Shapers* and *The Status Seek-*

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ers it mostly meant talking to academicians and reading the specialized articles and books they had written. *A Nation of Strangers* was primarily a reporting book; I got tips and bits of data the sociologists didn't have from outfits like Welcome Wagon and AT&T and went out to interview people myself. I had a scientific survey done for *The Sexual Wilderness*. I hired a private detective and spent three months learning from him at the start of *The Naked Society*. For *The Hidden Persuaders* and *The Waste Makers* I had to do all original research because the academic literature didn't contain much at all."

Actually, says Packard, he tries to use some blend of all these sources in every book: digging into scholarly journals, talking to the people who are actually doing the things he is studying, conducting interviews—but wait, here is a professional sociologist to tell far more lucidly than I could about the sources Packard uses, in this case for *The Status Seekers*. According to Professor William Petersen, writing in the *American Sociological Review*, Packard drew from "relevant studies [by sociologists] . . . 'an executive of a $250,000 corporation,' 'a home-marketing consultant' who had conducted 411 'depth interviews,' 'a Dallas builder,' the Color Research Institute of Chicago, 'interviewers for the *Chicago Tribune* in a motivational study,' 'Clare Barnes, Jr., Consultant Art Director,' 'a waiter (named Joe),' a cow named Gertrude—even Mr. Packard himself, who spent several weeks exploring the elite structure of a representative middle-sized metropolis.'"

Professor Petersen, as you may have guessed, is not impressed by any of this; his tone suggests, in fact, that Packard is probably the kind of lightweight reporter who does most of his research by talking to cab drivers and bartenders. That's much too harsh, but Petersen has a point: Packard really does hit you with such a barrage of anecdotes, casual observations, memories, statistics, and reports on academic studies that sometimes it is hard to tell what he considers important and what trivial. One sociologist found that on a typical page of *The Sexual Wilderness* Packard reported the results of a 13,000-student survey, an observation made by a college professor whose house overlooks a student beach, and the circulation figures for a magazine—"All appear," the sociologist complains, "as if Packard believes they offer the same order of evidence."

These failings, of course, are a journalist's failings, and if that doesn't make them defensible, it at least makes them understandable. The price a journalist pays if he devotes all his time to gathering information about what is happening now (and, if he is as good as Packard, deducing what seems likely to happen in the future as a result) is that he doesn't have time to be a social scientist too. Thus, sociologists do us a service when they point out the flaws in widely read books like Packard's and offer their own special knowledge as a corrective.

But, using this kind of occasional misstep or wrong turn as their excuse, sociologists have chosen to cast out everything about Vance Packard, from his competency to his worth as a human being. Let's return to Professor Petersen's review of *The Status Seekers*, not just because it was among the first reactions to a Packard book to appear in the sociological journals, but also because it established the formula of Packard criticism that practically every other sociologist-reviewer has followed—inadvertently, one imagines—in the two decades since. As such, it tells us a lot more about the sociologists than about Packard.

The formula requires that one begin by putting Packard in his place, which is distinctly outside the walls. "Mr. Packard," writes *Dr.* Petersen, "is a journalist—a person, that is, with no necessary competence to discuss America's social structure." (Cf. Professor Murphy, also reviewing *The Status Seekers*: "Packard's book, unfortunately, is written in the tradition of the tabloid science-fiction

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writer"; Professor Goldner: *The Pyramid Climbers* "can best be described as belonging to the same genre as after-dinner conversation. . . . As with gossip, it emphasizes whatever is sensational"; Professor Simon, on *The Sexual Wilderness*: "It reads very much like a rewrite of the best of *Cosmopolitan*"; and, my favorite, Professor Barry's bizarre overture to his review of *A Nation of Strangers*: "I can most easily liken Vance Packard's analysis of the nature and consequences of an increasingly mobile American society to a 15-year-old beauty queen doing a dirty boogaloo: he is not quite sure what it is all about, but he shakes it in a way that turns the unsophisticated on.") These reviews, remember, are written *by* sociologists *for* sociologists (do you know anyone else who reads the *American Sociological Review* or the *American Journal of Sociology*?); hence, the air of "dirty business, chaps, but someone has to do it" that surrounds them.

Worshippers of Methodology

Sociologist Stanislav Andreski, an in-house gadfly, notes in *Social Sciences as Sorcery* that this is a general phenomenon. "Touchy about being unable to substantiate their claims, the worshippers of methodology turn like a vicious hunting pack upon anybody branded as impressionistic, particularly if he writes well and can make his books interesting. Often enough their motive is sheer envy, as the ability to unearth something really interesting and to present it in a lively style requires a special gift and cannot be acquired by mechanical cramming, whereas anybody who is not a mental defective can learn to churn out the tedious door-to-door surveys which pass for sociology."

Clearly Andreski is right about this; the sociologist-reviewers' own words are all the evidence one needs to be satisfied on that score. Clearly, too, the kind of meanness sociologists display towards journalists who presume to write about society is indefensible on any rational basis. But do sociologists at least deliver with their own studies? Having claimed all of society as their land to work—trespassers to be shot on sight—do they bring in even a decent crop?

That is not the easiest question in the world to answer. Over the past 40 years or so, sociology has become so jargon-ridden and statistically dense that it is just about impossible for the average educated person to read what sociologists write. The current issue of the *American Sociological Review*, for example, contains articles on "A Third Interpretation for the Generating Process of the Negative Binomial Distribution," "Formal and Substantive Voluntarism in the Work of Talcott Parsons; A Theoretical and Ideological Reinterpretation," and "Determinants of Juvenile Court Disposition: Ascriptive and Achieved Factors in Two Metropolitan Courts"; needless to say, the titles are the clearest things about the articles, and the articles are usually clearer than the books they grow into. Is this gold or garbage? How is one to tell?

'Mr. Packard,' writes Dr. Petersen, 'is a journalist—a person, that is, with no necessary competence to discuss America's social structure.'

The way to begin is to pick up the greatest book (*Societies*) by the most honored modern sociologist of all (Talcott Parsons), open to a passage,

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translate it into English, and see if you know anything you didn't know before. Hence:

"Within the limits imposed by the genetic species-type on the one hand and the patterning of the culture on the other, lies the opportunity for given individuals and groups to develop independently structured behavioral systems. Because an actor is genetically human, and because his learning occurs in the context of a particular cultural system, his learned behavioral system (which I shall call his personality) shares certain broad features with other personalities—e.g., the language he habitually speaks. At the same time, his organism and its environment—physical, social, and cultural—are always in certain respects unique. Hence, his own behavioral system will be a *unique variant* of the culture and its particular patterns of action. It is therefore essential to consider the personality system as not reducible to either the organism or the culture—*what* is learned is part of neither the 'structure' of the organism in the usual sense nor a feature of the cultural system. It comprises an *analytically independent system.*"

Now if this means what I think it means, namely that people are alike in some ways and different in others, then we are probably safe in saying that we have wasted our time. Those who doubt this example are invited to wade through the rest of Parsons' many books and articles.

Another way to assess the value of modern sociology is to ask what discoveries, if any, have been made through the use of the highly sophisticated quantitative methods that are its basic tools. Paul Lazarfeld, the father of mathematical sociology, answers that none have, but promises great things just around the corner. Stanislav Andreski is equally realistic about the present, but less rosy about the future. "In nearly all instances," he writes, "it is the case of a mountain giving birth to a mouse, as when, after wading through mounds of tables and formulae, we come to the general finding (expressed, of course, in the most abstruse manner possible) that people enjoy being in the center of attention, that they are influenced by those with whom they associate."

But to save you all that trouble, let's just go back to the sociologists' reviews of Vance Packard, which, being written in relatively plain English, give us a peek inside the walls that sociological journals rarely afford.

Ivory-Tinged Qualities

For all their claims to scientific objectivity, sociologists place taboos on certain subjects. Thus Professor Petersen is horrified that Packard would quote a homebuilder to the effect that "Polish-Americans like their homes to be very garish, with loud, screaming colors," as if reporting such prejudices were prejudice itself. The world of the sociologist also has its ivory-tinged qualities. Professor Fischer, for example, knocks *A Nation of Strangers* because Packard defines "community" in such a way as to include a common place, a neighborhood. Neighborhoods, says Fischer, are "artificial" communities—"associations founded on physical proximity. Mobility allows instead the development of 'true communities'—of interest, of relation, of affection." That's all well and good for sociologists, who indeed define their own community in terms of those who attend American Sociological Association conventions in New York or San Francisco. But does it make any sense for the rest of us to think of neighborhoods and small towns as lesser things, and thus be indifferent to their decline?

Worst, and most revealing, of all is the damnable cautiousness sociologists display in their writings, a reluctance to dare or tolerate the daring of others that is matched only in the most hidebound corners of bureaucracy. Take, as a not atypical example, the reaction to *A Nation of Strangers.*

A Nation of Strangers was, by any standards, one of Packard's better books. What made it work so well was

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that he took an unknown bit of data—that every year 40 million Americans move (a figure he ingeniously arrived at by asking AT&T what its annual telephone disconnect rate was)—and fleshed it out by tracking down some of these mobile people in order to learn what rootlessness was doing to them and their communities. It wasn't a perfect book, but its failures were the failures of one who shoots for the stars and settles for the moon.

Here's what Professor Hawley had to say: "A rather plausible hypothesis might be phrased: The quality of life in a society is affected by the prevailing rate and character of mobility. . . . Simple though the hypothesis may be, it poses some rather thorny measurement problems and an even more difficult task of applying suitable controls on the observation of a historical process. Consequently the professional sociologist approaches such an investigation with considerable caution. But Mr. Packard is much bolder. . . . He deals with it in a straightforward, no-scientific-nonsense manner. *A Nation of Strangers* is fraught with 'relevance.'"

Note that Hawley is not saying that Packard is right or wrong, or even that he may be on to something or may not. What he is saying (in heavy-handed bureaucratese) is that this is a very difficult problem, that it requires further study, that discussion is premature at this time—in short, kindly ignore alarmists (like Packard) and allow calmer heads (like ours) to prevail. That sociologists have so little to contribute to the discussion of rootlessness is thus elevated from oversight to virtue.

Where does such an attitude come from? The great advantage of the university, after all, is that it is supposed to be a place where people can think bold thoughts unfettered by practical constraints or fear of reprisal. But as Mark Nadel showed in these pages ("The Trouble with Tenure," *The Washington Monthly*, January 1978) the laws of preservation in the academic world require caution. The young academician, whom one would expect to be boldest and most iconoclastic, quickly learns that the road to tenure is paved with bland inventions. By the time tenure is bestowed, he is too far down the straight and narrow to start blazing new trails.

Journalists, on the other hand, *can* succeed by taking risks, by following leads and hunches on the chance that they will turn out to be something, by talking to everyone and reading everything that conceivably could get them closer to their stories. Do they get in over their heads? Sometimes. Do they blow things out of proportion? Sure. But taking care of that is what editors and, at the book level, critics are for.

Do journalists get in over their heads? Sometimes. Do they blow things out of proportion? Sure. But taking care of that is what editors and, at the book level, critics are for.

It is no surprise that the most interesting discoveries about America in recent years have appeared in newspapers and magazines; Andreski goes so far as to argue that "even a popular weekly like *Time* supplies a much better insight into American society than all the journals of sociology combined." But, as he also says, this "was certainly not the case before the onset of jargon-mongering and methodological idolatry," and need not be the case today. ■

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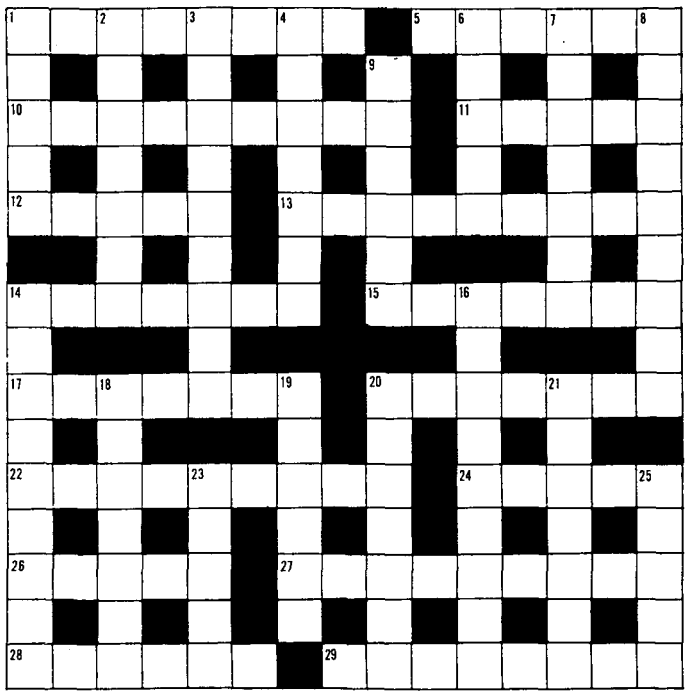
the political puzzle

by John Barclay



ACROSS

1. 4 × (1 + 1) = 5, next &showtime for 28 and 29
5. Across. (8,6)
10. ICBM grade overturned in Massachusetts. (9)
11. David and Lejeune, for example. (5)
12. South American undergarment at home in Tel Aviv. (5)
13. Saved tire blown up to go public. (9)
14. For emphasis as licit as may be found. (7)
15. Improper bed rate paid back. (7)
17. Busy one-liner in need somehow. (7)
20. Come in late to abet dry movement. (2,5)
22. Mix short cola for design academy. (3,6)
24. Lease arrangement for those at 22 Across. (5)
26. Voyages for Gerald Ford? (5)
27. Bastard who can't play tennis? (4,5)
28. Trace racing map a-&round for successful
29. political enterprise. (6,8)

DOWN

1. Katzenbach's cuts? (5)
2. A bin Mia arranged to see in Africa. (7)
3. Carter gin around some landscaping. (9)
4. Makes lovable last organs? (7)
6. Suffer a popular dog? (5)
7. He composes from my hints. (7)
8. Tardy eyes confused in the past. (9)
9. Trade stated by us? (6)
14. Firm but mixed scale in it. (9)
16. Goat vessel for wildflower? (9)
18. Let it trudge without Dee somehow and become starker. (7)
19. Fix lord so he slobbers. (6)
20. Moved around 52 above First, good address in South America. (7)
21. For composer, answer is "No, sir!" in a way. (7)
23. Place a sect in its proper place. (5)
25. In Tortola, denizens are charged. (5)

The numbers indicate the number of letters and words, e.g., (2,3) means a two-letter word followed by a three-letter word. Groups of letters, e.g., USA, are treated as one word. Answers to last month's puzzle are on page 24.

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Tapping the Federal Till the Occidental Way

by Tom Gilroy

Six weeks ago Occidental Petroleum, a corporation with 1977 pre-tax profits of $217 million, asked the U.S. Maritime Administration to pay 50 per cent of the cost of building three ships the company needs to carry out a trade agreement with the Soviet Union. At the same time, Occidental requested a government subsidy to operate the vessels once they are built and a federal guarantee for its portion of the cost of building the ships.

If the requests are approved, the two subsidies will cost the U.S. government, at a minimum, $100 million. In addition, the federal guarantee Occidental wants, while not requiring any government spending, will allow the company to borrow millions of dollars at bargain rates—probably two-and-a-half to three per cent below the prime interest rate. All three applications are expected to be approved quickly and quietly, say U.S. officials and Occidental sources.

That a single wealthy corporation can receive that kind of public money and assistance so easily may startle most taxpayers.

In fact, it shouldn't. Through a host of spigots, primarily the Export-Import Bank, but also obscurer agencies like the Maritime Administration (a small division of the Commerce Department) billions of dollars pour out of Washington to the nation's large corporations every year.

Not surprisingly, the companies that benefit from the money argue that the government has no choice. Their reasoning is that a large part of our enormous trade deficit (a record $27 billion last year) stems directly from the insurance programs, loan guarantees, and outright subsidies that

Tom Gilroy is a reporter for McGraw-Hill, Inc.

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foreign governments extend to their exporters. That assistance, say U.S. businessmen, gives foreign companies an unfair advantage over American exporters in the international market. And, the conventional line goes, if the U.S. fails to match that assistance, the losers will be the U.S. economy and American workers.

What that argument neglects, however, is that the disproportionate winners in any government sponsorship of U.S. exports are neither the economy nor the taxpayers, but the corporations that take advantage of the easy public money.

Occidental's dealings with the government provides a remarkable and enlightening case in point. A close look at Occidental's trade with Russia shows clearly that none of the conventional arguments can possibly justify a government subsidy; in fact, just the opposite is true. Occidental's agreement with the Soviets has real potential for undercutting an already depressed American ammonia industry and wiping out some small businessmen in the process. The shipping subsidies also will have no significant effect on the troubled U.S. shipbuilding industry. The only thing the subsidies will do is guarantee healthy profits to what otherwise would have been a very shaky deal for Occidental.

A Dual Purpose

In 1974, Occidental signed a 20-year, $20-billion fertilizer trade agreement with the Soviet Union. The agreement, which is extremely complex, calls for the USSR to sell Occidental large quantities of ammonia, the building block for all nitrogen fertilizers. In return Occidental will supply the Soviets with super phosphoric acid used in the production of phosphate fertilizer.

For the Soviets, the deal has a dual purpose. First, they hope it will provide them with phosphate fertilizer they badly need for their agricultural program; and second, they are counting on the trade to generate enough surplus funds to pay off a $360-million loan from the Export-Import Bank that the Soviet Union used to build the ammonia facility in the first place.

To insure that, Occidental accepted two provisions to the trade. It agreed to buy a great deal more ammonia than it would sell of its phosphoric acid, and it also agreed to market most of the Soviet product in the U.S.—thereby keeping Occidental from competing with Soviet ammonia exports to other countries. With the money generated by the sale of the ammonia, the USSR could pay Occidental for its acid and still have enough left to repay the Export-Import loan. In essence, then, a U.S. loan that played a key part in building up the Russian fertilizer industry would be paid off with U.S. dollars supplied by Occidental.

There are several interesting things about the loan to the Soviets. First, although the Supreme Court ruled recently that the terms of the loan may remain secret, reliable sources say that repayment extends over 20 years, with several years' grace period, at a fixed interest rate of six per cent. Except for government credits to less-developed countries, it would be hard to find a more concessionary loan.

Secondly, the man who lobbied in Congress for the loan, and who many fertilizer officials say was instrumental in having it approved, was Dr. Armand Hammer, chairman of Occidental Petroleum.

Initially, many U.S. industry sources felt that at 75, Hammer, who has made a career out of trading with the Russians, was more interested in prestige than profits, since the deal seemed to favor the Soviet Union heavily. Now, however, with the American government about to insure his profits, Hammer looks not only to be the "ardent capitalist" he always claimed, but a very clever one as well.

Substantial Savings

By paying for a large part of the cost of constructing and operating the three ships that will carry the phosphoric

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acid to Russia, the Maritime Administration will relieve Occidental of having to bear the extremely high expense of leasing phosphoric acid carriers—which are scarce—from a private shipping firm. Two other shipping firms were checked to get estimates of how much the Maritime Administration subsidies would eventually mean to Occidental. They said it was impossible to estimate precisely since the construction costs, and later, the operating subsidy and private leasing rates could change during the 20-year life of the trade. Nevertheless, both said they expected the savings to be substantial.

What does the U.S. get for its subsidy to Occidental? Virtually nothing but trouble, it appears. For one thing, the U.S. ammonia industry is already severely depressed because of over-supply and is expected to stay that way at least through 1982. Now, as a result of the USSR-Occidental contract, Soviet ammonia imports, just starting to trickle into this country, will reach 2.1-million metric tons a year by 1980, an amount equal to ten per cent of all U.S. production capacity. At first it was thought that Hammer would have to take a loss when he sold his imported ammonia because it would be more expensive than the U.S. product. But the Maritime subsidies will erase that potential loss by cutting down his cost.

Cheaper Than Domestic

When natural gas prices go up after energy legislation finally passes Congress, Occidental's ammonia imports will become even more attractive to American buyers. Because ammonia is produced from natural gas, any rise in the price of gas means a rise in the price of ammonia. In fact, it is quite likely that by 1982 imported ammonia will be considerably cheaper than the domestic product.

(In signing the trade agreement, Hammer argued that importing from the Soviet Union would help conserve dwindling U.S. natural gas supplies.

Reflecting on Campaign Euphoria

In September of 1976 *The Washington Monthly* had some things to say about Carter's prospects that seem particularily relevant now. Some of you missed that issue because you weren't subscribers then. We've put them together for those who wish to look back for insight on today's troubles.

For Jimmy Carter and Other Reformers of Washington: A Sandbag Avoidance and Mine Detector Kit.

It includes the following articles:

The Seductions of Washington Society by James Fallows.

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However, any natural gas savings will be offset by the export of phosphate, a non-renewable resource expected to be in short supply in the U.S. by the end of the century.)

Given these facts, many fertilizer experts are now convinced that the Soviet imports will force small U.S. ammonia producers out of business. They also fear that that would leave U.S. farmers dependent on the Soviet Union for an important fertilizer ingredient vital to the production of wheat and corn.

A Hard Time Finding Benefit

Even the shipbuilding industry—for whose relief the Maritime Administration ostensibly grants subsidies—will have a hard time finding any benefit in the subsidy to Occidental.

The Maritime Administration considers construction subsidies a means of creating new business for the shipbuilding industry. By most of the best estimates, a third of the 180,000 workers employed by U.S. shipyards will be out of work by 1980 unless there is a dramatic increase in new orders.

Occidental's order for three 41,600 deadweight ton vessels is not likely to reverse that trend, even in the short run. The shipping industry now views anything under 120,000 tons as "small," and tankers of 300,000 tons are not uncommon.

What's more, government subsidies won't do anything to solve the longer-term problem: the inability of U.S. shipyards to compete against the yards of other countries. (Ironically, the only obstacle to the Maritime Administration subsidies is a competing bid from a Japanese shipyard, which an Occidental source warned could be even lower than the subsidized price of building the ships in the U.S.)

Finally, the other subsidy—to operate the three vessels—would actually be compensation to Occidental for registering its ships in the U.S. instead of hiding them under a "flag of convenience."

Among other things, U.S. registration requires a U.S. crew, which means jobs for U.S. seamen. Again, though, Occidental's employment impact will be minimal: each phosphoric acid carrier will use an eleven-man crew, for a total employment of 33 men over 20 years.

Why would the U.S. government allocate so much public money for the lopsided benefit of one corporation? The Maritime Administration, Ex-Im Bank, and Occidental would all answer that the $100 million will help our balance of trade and create new jobs.

But the sad fact is that the money will create more jobs in the Soviet Union than it does in the U.S. Promises of a healthier economy and more jobs—even when true—are the argument that big business uses every time it wants more money from the government.

The real reason the U.S. government finances ventures like Occidental's is because the agencies responsible for reviewing corporate applications for money are predisposed to grant the requests.

Partly that is due to the intimacy between big business and big government. But there is also a simpler explanation for why government agencies are so inclined to hand over public money to large companies: it's their job.

The Ex-Im Bank, for example, is charged with "facilitating" the sale of U.S. goods overseas, while the Maritime Administration is expected to look out for the interests of the country's shipping industry.

Nowhere in either of those mandates is there a mention of the welfare of the source of all that public money: the American taxpayer. In fact the officials of those public agencies feel a stronger affinity for, and responsibility to, the corporations they serve so well than they do to the people who pay their salaries.

Occidental's raid on the Treasury can be justified on the basis of the government simply doing its job. The real job, though, is the one being done on the taxpayer. ■

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Richard Reeves on Political Books

I began the last Sunday in April with *The New York Times Book Review.* Martin Nolan was reviewing three new books on Jerry Brown and, in passing, threw in his own quick study of Jimmy Carter: "The dominant biographical fact of Jimmy Carter is not his agricultural or religious roots, but his training at Annapolis and in the Navy. There he acquired his secular faith in efficiency, in technocratic approaches to government and to leading by bureaucratic example—all highlights of his Presidency."

"Bullshit!" I said, which was the wrong thing to do on a Sunday morning in the yard, judging by the silence that suddenly hit neighboring greensward. Wrongheaded, too, I suppose, since Marty Nolan's all-embracing theories of what makes any politician run are as good as mine. It's just that I react most vigorously to the Carter-as-engineer school, because I also am an engineer—at least I was educated as one and practiced for awhile—and tend to think that too much can be made of the secrets of the brotherhood of the slide-rule.

Anyway, I began thinking, for the thousandth time, whether anyone could possibly stand up to Nolan and Reeves and the brotherhood of the No. 800 Reporter's Note Book, the badge we all get from Stationers, Inc. in Richmond, Virginia. Will there be no more great persons? If Abraham Lincoln ran in 1980, we would be in the back, saying, "There goes Abe into his four score and seven number again. . . ."

Could Lincoln survive that? Could Thomas Jefferson?

By the end of the day, I had my answer. No.

After the *Times,* I started on the galley proofs of *Inventing America—Jefferson's Declaration of Independence,* which will be published this month by Doubleday. The author is Garry Wills, who has stood in the back at more than a couple of political rallies. Obviously, he's done a couple of other things, too, because this is no reporter's book. It's a brilliant piece of work, a wonderful book. Everything about it is impressive, with the possible exception of Mr. Jefferson. In fact, Mr. Jefferson often looks a bit the idiot—as most contemporary politicians do in the collected short works of Nolan, Reeves, and Wills.

First, for the record, Wills really does take Lincoln apart for saying, "Four score and seven years ago. . . ." He uses two pages of the prologue explaining why he believes Lincoln chose those precise (and inaccurate) six words to begin the "war propaganda"

Richard Reeves is the author of Convention. *His column is a regular feature of* The Washington Monthly.

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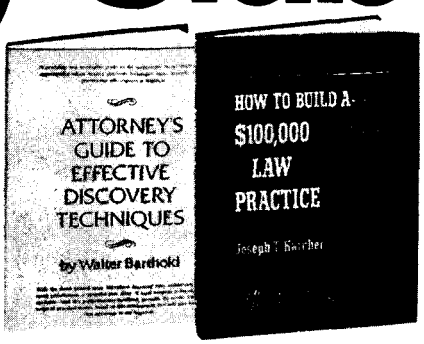

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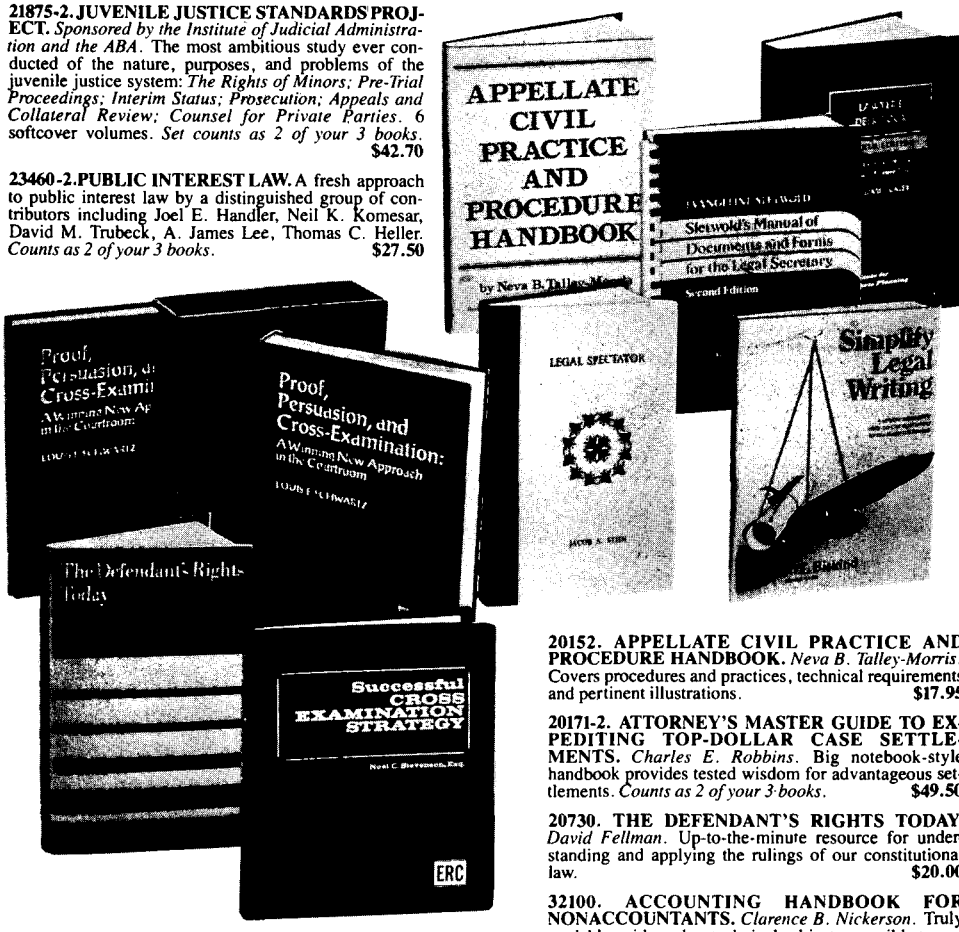

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of the Gettysburg Address—if that sounds boring, it isn't.

Second, *Inventing America* is a long, richly detailed, deliciously provocative work that I can't do justice to in this space. So, I'll concentrate on Part Two: "A Scientific Paper," because it is the kind of essay a contemporary journalist of Wills' great talent might have done about 1800, if that kind of journalism had been invented. "A Scientific Paper," taken out of the context of the book, is essentially an expansion of what Nolan was saying about Carter—"Look, I've figured out what makes the guy tick." It's "idea journalism"—people like me do it for a living—taking one idea and expanding it into a profile of a man.

The idea, in this case, is that "Jefferson was right in considering himself a scientist rather than a theologian." A scientist, however, in a very 18th-century sense—an empiricist who did not consider invention an original act and who was decidedly not an original thinker. Like his contemporaries, according to Wills, Jefferson believed that Isaac Newton was the genius of the ages and that creativity was simply re-creating all manners of life as models of the laws of Newtonian physics. Thus, his idol and the man he and many others believed was the greatest of living Americans was David Rittenhouse, a Philadelphian who called himself "A Mechanic" and whose most honored achievement was the construction of an "orrery," a device that simulated the movements of the planets around the sun. It is and, based on Wills' more casual work, I think is intended to be a devastating portrait of the man most Americans now rank as their best along with Lincoln and George Washington. (Wills, I presume, prefers Alexander Hamilton, the professional politician, who in 20th-century terms would be considered a realist.)

Jefferson's problem in this profile is that 18th-century "science" and ideas it produced—some of them bizarre ideas of thinkers perceiving the known and unknown for the first time—simply have not stood the test of time and discovery. Thus, Wills ridicules Jefferson's advocacy of "continuing revolution" based on 20-year limits on governmental forms and contracts—a position that has made Jefferson appear to be a radical—by pointing out that the Virginian based the whole thing on a crazy mathematical scheme that was fashionable at the time. And, while he praises the design of Monticello as Jefferson's most enduring work, he points out that the writer of the Declaration was a man who spent months perfecting (really, copying) some device to save a few minutes time—and did all this while his family was forced to live in a house that was actually a perpetual construction site.

Wills is right about that. It happened that the day before I read the book, I had revisited Monticello—a pilgrimage for one who prefers the myth—and was looking at the beds the squire had designed to fit inside wall niches. Terrific idea, I thought. The lady behind me said, "How could you make a bed like that?" The tour guide said, "It's almost impossible; they're very impractical."

Oh, well, Wills makes the point that whatever Jefferson actually meant when he wrote the Declaration of Independence, the Americans who followed him have tended to interpret it to mean whatever they thought it should mean. So it works, even if the beds at Monticello don't. And Jefferson, as a monument, works. And, for all we know, the leaders journalism makes fun of now may work, too. ■

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political book notes

Political affairs books to be published in June

American Higher Education: 1945-1970. Nathan M. Pusey. Harvard, $10.

Anarchism: Nomos XIX. J. Roland Pennock, John W. Chapman, eds. New York University, $17.50.

Arsenal of Democracy. Tom Gervasi. Grove, $19.50/$7.95.

The Assassination of Robert F. Kennedy. John Christian, William Turner. Random House, $10.

Daniel Webster. Irving H. Bartlett. Norton, $12.95.

The Department of State in the Middle East. Phillip J. Baram. University of Pennsylvania, $12.50.

Ethics in the Practice of Law. Geoffrey C. Hazard, Jr. Yale, $10.

The Execution of Mayor Yin and Other Stories from the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution. Chen Jo-hsi. Indiana University Press, $8.95. Chen Jo-hsi is presented as the first literary dissident from the People's Republic of China. She must always have been a marginal person, an outsider. Born in Taiwan ("into a proletarian family," Simon Leys notes in the introduction), educated in the United States, she lived for seven years in mainland China. Arriving as an enthusiastic believer in the Maoist imperative to "serve the people," Chen Jo-hsi survived the "cultural revolution," and then emigrated, settling first in Hong Kong and later in Canada. These stories depict the era of upheaval during the "cultural revolution"—a period whose excesses are now officially denounced within China and blamed upon the "gang of four."

Chen Jo-hsi portrays a nation whose life is entirely pervaded by politics. In one story a young child is thoroughly interrogated for allegedly calling Chairman Mao "a rotten egg." In another story, an intellectual is prevented from marrying twice because of political pressures from his "peer committee." Mayor Yin, a harmless small town official, is executed by youngsters from the Red Guard for purported political crimes decades earlier.

Yet this is also a nation whose people are depicted as eating relatively well and living

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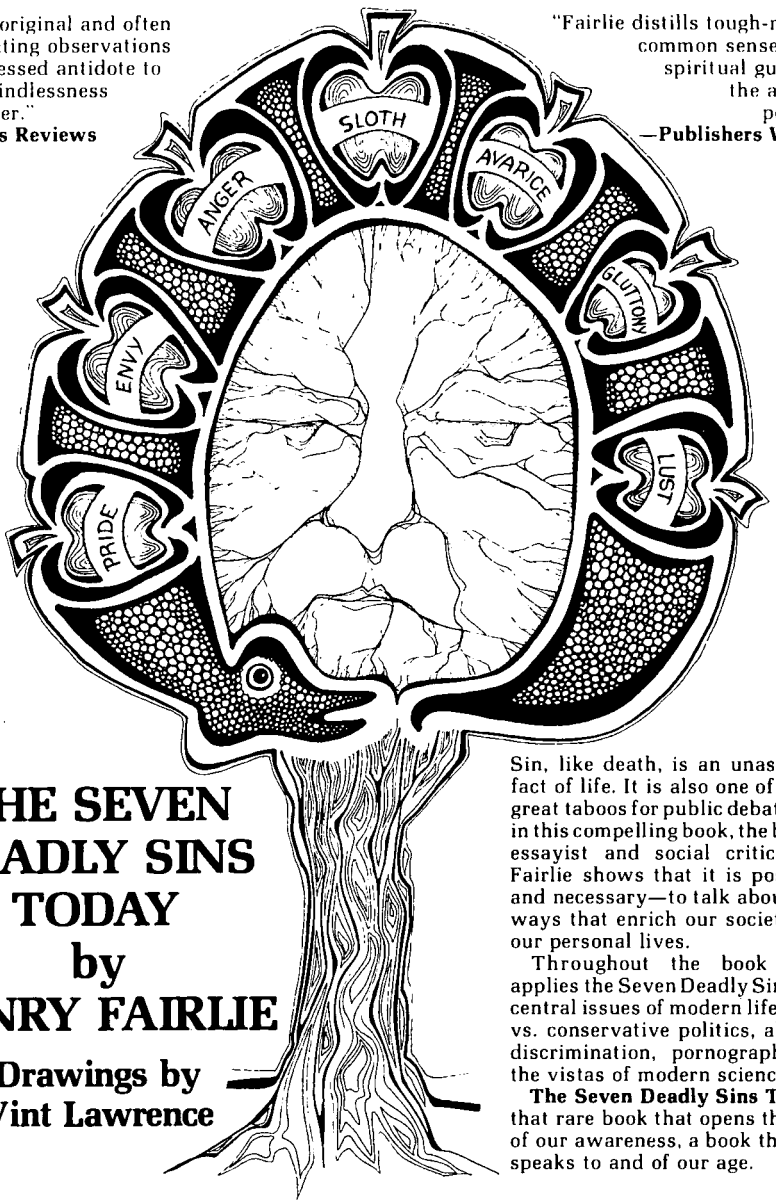

THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS TODAY
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Drawings by Vint Lawrence

Sin, like death, is an unassailable fact of life. It is also one of the last great taboos for public debate. Now, in this compelling book, the brilliant essayist and social critic Henry Fairlie shows that it is possible—and necessary—to talk about sin in ways that enrich our societies and our personal lives.

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in modest comfort. There is no gulag in these stories—society as a whole imposes conformity upon the individual.

In his essay, "The Prevention of Literature," George Orwell warned that a totalitarian society can extinguish the creative imagination. Chen Jo-hsi's work is evidence that imagination has been suppressed and discouraged but not eliminated. In one story, the narrator asks: "If Chairman Mao is the only one left in the entire country who reads and collects books, then what sort of future is there for Chinese culture?" Yet other stories depict characters who read and collect books.

China remains a mystery to most Americans. But Chen Jo-hsi presents a Chinese officialdom with a certain sophistication about at least one American institution—the press. In "Nixon's Press Corps," Chinese officials prepare the city of Nanking for a visit by the American president. Lao Tiao, "Chairman Mao's good worker from the Publicity Corps," reminds the people of Nanking: "It is of the utmost importance for us to grasp the characteristics of these reporters. They have their 'three excesses'—an excess of running around, an excess of questions, and an excess of picture taking."

The Golden Dream. Stephen Birmingham. Harper & Row, $10.95.

Goodbye to Good-Time Charlie: The American Governor Transformed, 1950-1975. Larry Sabato. Lexington, $20.00.

The Great American Newspaper: The Rise and Fall of *The Village Voice*. Kevin Michael McAuliffe. Scribner's, $14.95. A fascinating story, not as well told as it might have been.

The (Guilty) Conscience of a Conservative. Craig Schiller. Arlington House, $8.95.

Hidden Terrors. A. J. Langguth. Pantheon, $10.

High Crimes and Misdemeanors: The Untold and Dramatic Story of the Rodino Committee. Howard Fields. Norton, $10.95. Written by the reporter who covered it for United Press International, this is a recitation in full chronological sequence of the activities of the House Judiciary Committee's impeachment inquiry.

In the introduction, Fields hints that some of our most cherished notions about the "heroes" and the "fumblers" of the entire affair may be destroyed in the pages ahead. To nobody's great astonishment, however, Rodino and special counsel John Doar emerge as the sober stars of the inquiry—instrumental to the success of the proceedings, but by no means perfect.

If this book leaves you with anything, it's with the images of these two men: Rodino—the soft-spoken mediator of opposing forces, looking rather dwarfed by the size of his chair and, whether behind the closed doors of his office assiduously wooing the swing votes or before millions of Americans on TV, managing to keep one eye fixed on a bipartisan vote for impeachment and the other on his personal historical legacy. And John Doar—the plodding, meticulous, almost obsessive gatherer of facts, habitually hunched over his desk, transcribing every last shred of evidence onto individual 3x5 index cards to be filed in chronological order according to his own six-category system.

These two men become models of compromise and conciliation, and restraint bordering on indecisiveness. Fields, like many others, feels a certain ambivalence towards his two heroes. On the one hand he concedes that only they could have refrained from acting precipitously in the battle of nerves with both the White House and the various factions of the committee itself. But on the other, their extreme caution often seems an excuse for not acting, and they tend to let outside events determine the outcome of the inquiry.

In the final analysis, this book doesn't live up to the promises of either the title or the introduction. There are no startling insights or revelations here. The drama of the recitation doesn't quite match the drama of the events. And what is said here has already been said better by others.

—*Janet Marinelli*

" 'IT IS INTERESTING,' writes Garry Wills, reflecting on the fact that the neutron bomb was tested on rodents, 'that right-wingers who make fun of the effect of saccharin on mice are awed by the power of radiation to zap a mouse.' Right! Let's get to work on a saccharin bomb."

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In the Matter of Color: Race and the American Legal Process—The Colonial Period. A. Leon Higginbotham, Jr. Oxford, $15.

In The Senate: Amidst the Turmoil and Confusion. Senator Norris Cotton. Dodd, Mead, $11.95.

Intergovernmental Perspectives on the Canada-U.S. Relationship. Roger Frank Swanson. New York University, $17.50.

Inventing America: Jefferson's Declaration of Independence. Garry Wills. Doubleday, $10.95. (See Richard Reeves' column in this issue.)

Jerry Brown: In A Plain Brown Wrapper. John C. Bollens, G. Robert Williams. Palisades, $9.95.

Judge Frank M. Johnson, Jr.: A Biography. Robert Francis Kennedy, Jr. Putnam's, $10.95.

Light Water: How the Nuclear Dream Dissolved. Irvin C. Bupp, Jean-Claude Derian. Basic, $10.

Manias, Panics and Crashes: A History of Financial Crises. Charles P. Kindleberger. Basic, $12.50.

Marx's Social Ontology. Carol C. Gould. MIT Press, $15.

Multiple Exposure: An American Ambassador's Unique Perspective on East-West Issues. Jacob D. Beam. Norton, $10.95.

Municipal Government Reference Sources. Government Documents Roundtable, ed. Bowker, $19.95.

The Peace Ship: Henry Ford's Pacifist Adventure in the First World War. Barbara Kraft. Macmillan, $14.95.

Political Corruption in America. George C.S. Benson with Steven Maaranen, Alan Heslop. Lexington, $21.95.

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Rockdale: The Growth of An American Village in the Early Industrial Revolution. Anthony F.C. Wallace. Knopf, $17.50.

Soviet-American Rivalry. Thomas P. Larson. Norton, $13.95.

Trujillo: The Death of the Goat. Bernard Diederich. Little, Brown, $9.95. Generalissimo Rafael Leonidas Trujillo Molinas was even worse than we remember. Trujillo ruled the Dominican Republic for 31 years. The leader of a military coup in 1930, Trujillo commanded the Dominican armed forces and a secret police (SIM) that mimicked the Gestapo and the KGB. Installing his own family and friends throughout the Dominican military, bureaucracy, and business world, Trujillo stashed away at least $8.4 million, acquired 60 per cent of the nation's land, and sent his agents to track down exiled dissidents in Mexico City, Havana, and even New York City. A favorite of the U.S. government until his final years, Trujillo was not so much the fascist masquerading as anti-communist as he was the gangster masquerading as fascist.

Don't read this book for the suspense; read it for the ironies. Sure, we know that Trujillo was assassinated (on May 30, 1961). The plots and counterplots both before and after his death were so byzantine that both a chronology and a cast of characters appear in front of the book. Even with both the scorecard and the play-by-play account, it's still difficult to keep the players and the plays straight. A dictator can build an absolute and brutal dictatorship and not be safe from violent death—but he is safe from simple death.

Trujillo recast Dominican society in his own paranoid image, and the events surrounding his death conformed to his view of life. The conspirators who killed Trujillo imagined that after his assassination a military coup would ensue and his entire state apparatus would crumble. It wasn't quite that simple. The chief conspirator, who served as armed forces secretary under Trujillo, experienced a failure of nerve after Trujillo was killed. Instead of leading the planned military coup, "Pupo" Roman denied any role in the assassination and—incredibly—remained a leading figure in the old regime. Discovered as a conspirator nonetheless, Pupo died at the hands of Trujillo's secret police. Then, just after several other conspirators were themselves killed, the Dominican people took to the streets. Following the outbreak of street riots, the Trujillo family fled the country, leaving power temporarily in the hands of a rival military faction and what had been a tame, middle class opposition to Trujillo.

Bernard Diederich, the Mexico bureau chief for *Time*, has compiled a history of a year in Dominican politics that is rich in detail and irony. We learn that in 1959 Dominican exiles returned to their

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homeland from Cuba in an invasion whose futility—including a lack of air cover—foresaw the ineptitude of the Bay of Pigs. Venezuela's social democratic government reluctantly urged the assassination of Trujillo after his secret police almost killed President Romulo Betancourt, the grand old man of Venezuelan democracy whose very existence affronted Trujillo. After he fell from favor with the U.S. government, Trujillo ineptly tried to win the friendship of Communists in his own country and abroad, but they rejected his overtures.

Yet the ironies of Dominican politics did not end in 1961. Joaquin Balaguer appears in this book as a shadowy figure, a cunning politician who served as Trujillo's nominal president but survived to deliver a carefully ambiguous funeral oration for the fallen dictator. Seventeen years after Trujillo's assassination, Balaguer is again president of the Dominican Republic—this time, as no man's front man. The tale of Trujillo's assassination is interesting reading. The story of Balaguer's survival would be fascinating and instructive.

—*David Kusnet*

Victims. J. L. Barkas. Scribner's, $10.95. J. L. Barkas writes with the rage of one whose own brother was stabbed to death for a dime. *Victims* includes other stories of people whose lives were suddenly struck by senseless violence. But all stories of random violence are essentially the same. The reader soon asks—what can we do about this?

The answer isn't forthcoming, and maybe there is no answer. Barkas relates the usual prescriptions for the victim's plight—legal aid, counseling services, community-based anti-crime programs, and possibly some form of compensation from the state. Beyond these ideas, the only solution is more effective law enforcement—so that there will be fewer victims.

Washington's Hidden Tragedy: The Failure to Make Government Work. Frederic V. Malek. Free Press, $10.95. To many, Frederick Malek was Nixon's hatchet man. In charge of the Republican administration's recruitment effort and its unofficial personnel chief, Malek had ample opportunity, which he exploited well, to antagonize people. There was the time, for example, that he arbitrarily moved 180 people from the elite Office of Management and Budget to the ugly-

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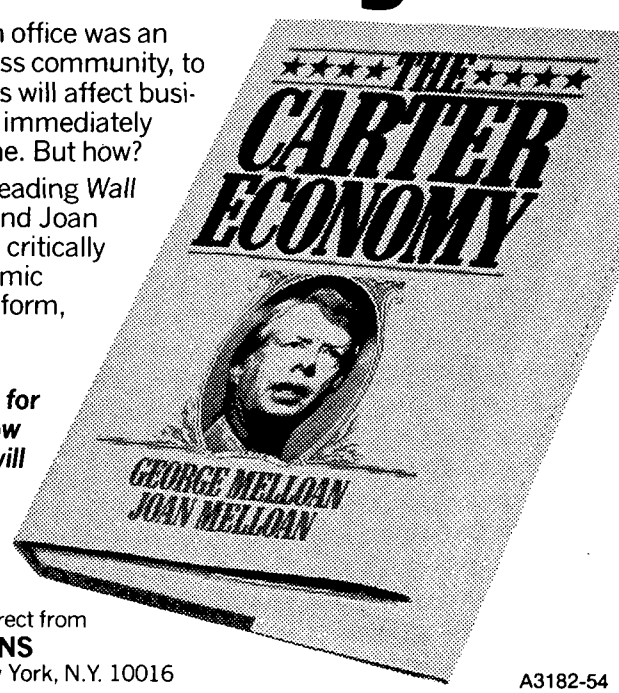

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duckling General Services Administration to make room for his own recruits. He flabbergasted loyal Republican office-holders by persuading Nixon, upon his reelection, to demand the written resignations of *all* first-term appointees to the federal service. Although relatively few resignations were accepted, Malek now concedes the move to have been a great blunder.

But considering the magnitude of the task Malek faced—trying to reshape a bureaucracy nourished on Great Society programs to the goals of an administration with a completely different outlook—what is surprising is not that he made enemies but that he earned the respect of so many top-level career servants.

In *Washington's Hidden Tragedy*, Malek, now a Marriott Corporation executive, offers these insights into why the federal government doesn't work:

•Top government officials are inadequately prepared for managerial responsibilities. Government is more complex than business, and it takes about two years in government before an appointee can make any real contribution; the average high-level political appointee stays only twenty-two months. Career executives, on the other hand, stay too long with one agency, become too narrow in their view and too identified with the special-interest clients of the agency.

•The short-term focus of the political process in the United States militates against intelligent planning in government. Political leaders are more interested in government appearing to run well than in its running well. The pay-off is in moves that make attractive splashes—solving "crises," announcing bold new programs. Long-range policies that will bear fruit only in someone else's administration are for the birds.

•There is no "system of management" within government which clearly defines what each agency is supposed to be doing and measures how well it is doing that. Malek's own pet system is called Management by Objectives, a product of the graduate business schools, which has been tried with varying degrees of success in the business world. Introduced experimentally into government by Malek, it has not fared as well as he would like to believe; by and large, it has been drowned in an avalanche of paper by bureaucrats accustomed to taking new "systems" in stride. (Zero Based Budgeting is now getting the same "acceptance").

Malek is more the plodder than the pogo stick jumper. He sees better management of the government and a bureaucracy more responsive to the political leadership coming not through flashy reorganizations, however headline-producing, but through an administration committed to planning and persistence, which will set up and stick to precise objectives.

But here we come full circle. Malek doesn't know any better than the rest of us how we are going to get political leaders to put substance above political sex appeal.

—*Leonard Reed*

The Way the World Works. Jude Wanniski. Basic, $12.95.

The Wheel of Servitude: Black Forced Labor After Slavery. Daniel A. Novak. University of Kentucky, $9.50.

Wheeling and Dealing: Confessions of a Capitol Hill Operator. Bobby Baker with Larry King. Norton, $10.95. Baker's memoirs are extremely frank and entertaining, but unconvincing as to his basic goodness.

The Yugoslavs. Dusko Doder. Random House, $10.

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For example, spark plugs used to have to be changed every 12,000 miles. Now it's every 22,500 or 30,000, depending on which new GM car you bought. For most drivers that means changing plugs every two years instead of every year.

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If you do have trouble with your car, just fix what needs fixing. When you take your car in for service, tell the mechanic exactly what's happening. If it's hard to start "hot," but starts okay when it's "cold," say so. If it doesn't perform the way you expected, describe just how and where it doesn't live up to your expectations. Then it'll be easier for the mechanic to pinpoint what's wrong, and he won't have to make unnecessary repairs. That can save you time and money.

Some things have to be watched more carefully, depending on how and where you drive your car. For example, if you do a lot of driving on dry, dusty roads, you may need to change the air cleaner and oil filter more often than the maintenance schedule indicates. Remember, the maintenance schedule that comes with your car is based on average driving conditions.

If you have an older car that still needs an annual tune-up, what should it include? There are some basic things to be checked: spark plugs, points, condensers, idling speed, and drive belts. It can't hurt to check the air cleaner and fuel filter, tire pressure, and brake fluid, either. And when you do take your car in for a tune-up, don't be shy. Find out exactly what you need and what you're getting for your money.

We're trying to make GM cars easier and more economical to service. We've been able to stretch out the maintenance intervals for new GM cars, which should reduce the cost of routine maintenance; and we're working on engineering improvements that should reduce the amount of required maintenance even further. We want to be sure our cars perform well for their entire lifetime, without costing you a lot of time and money in maintenance. That's better for you and better for us.

This advertisement is part of our continuing effort to give customers useful information about their cars and trucks and the company that builds them.

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